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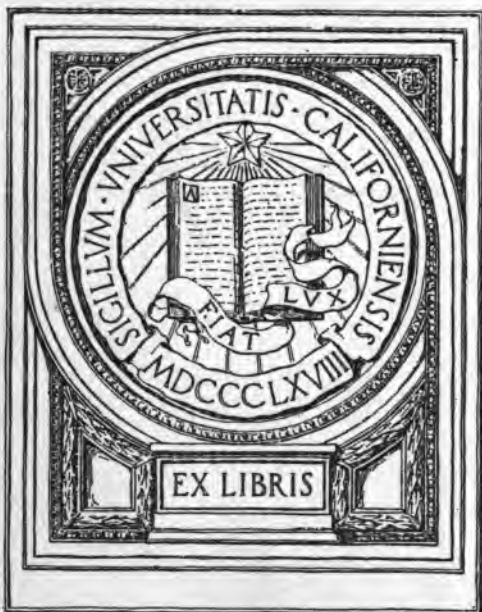
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"Ted"
from
Harry
Max '06.



**TOASTS AND
SENTIMENTS**
Gay and Grave

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL



WILLIAM A. ALDERSON

Of the St. Louis Bar

Author of Treatises on Judicial Writs and Receivers



**LOS ANGELES
THE PACIFIC PUBLISHING CO.**

1904

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1904
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*Inscribed to all who strew flowers,
rather than thorns, along the
pathway of others.*

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Greetings.

Reader:

I tender you a symposium of sentiments, gay and grave. Whether Thinker or Sentimentalist, Abstainer or Drinker, Puritan or Bohemian, you will find in these mirthful and serious lines much that is congenial and responsive.

Its Symphony is Love, Woman and Wine. Its Precept Charity, Benevolence and Good Fellowship.

The purpose has been to present the happiest thoughts and choicest gems, avoiding the lusterless and the hackneyed.

Solely in the interest of impartial judgment, credits are generally omitted.

WILLIAM A. ALDERSON.

January, 1904.

Wine and Song.

Song and Wine and Bacchic mirth
Are the best of things on earth.
Wisely, then, it seemeth me,
Men engage in revelry.
While I look in Pleasure's eye
All my powers multiply.



Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be sealed in sleep.
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way,
But wisely quaff the rosy wave
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep.

Wine and Song.

Sparkling and bright in the liquid light,
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in ;
 With hue as red as the rosy red
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.
 Then fill tonight, with hearts as light,
 To love as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.



Necessities I do not crave,
 Give me my proper mead,
 But let me have, through all my life,
 The things I do not need.
 Compel me not to toe the mark,
 Be ever prim and true,
 But rather let me do those things
 That I ought not to do.



Here's to the cup in the bony clutch
 Of the unseen hand of Death,
 Whose nectar no man's lips may touch,
 Except with his last faint breath ;
 And here's to the hope, that when at last
 I drink to my soul's release,
 And the dregs from the cup my lips have past,
 It will bring eternal peace.

Wine and Song.

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has passed away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh!
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinned my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as Death approaches nearer,
The joys of Life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give.



Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any fate.



Fly and cool thy goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink.

Wine and Song.

Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there's an end—for, ah, you know
They drink but little wine below!



Here's to our sweethearts and our wives:
May our sweethearts soon become our wives,
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts.



Oh, better no doubt is a dinner of herbs,
When season'd by love, which no rancor disturbs,
And sweeten'd by all that is sweetest in life,
Than the finest of delicacies eaten in strife.



Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.



Here's to you, my dear,
And to the dear that's not here, my dear;
But if the dear that's not here, my dear,
Were here, my dear,
I'd not be drinking to you, my dear.

Wine and Song.

Drink today and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do't tomorrow;
Best while you have it, use your breath—
There is no drinking after death.



Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change from thine.



Here's to you, as good as you are,
And here's to me, as bad as I am;
But as good as you are, and as bad as I am,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.



For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And quit our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

Wine and Song.

I'm monarch of the board tonight,
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I.
And when the cluster's mellowing dew
Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound
And reel us through the dance's round;
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety;
Flashing round such sparks of thought
As Bacchus could alone have taught.



Wine is good,
Love is good,
And all is good if understood;
The sin is not in doing,
But in overdoing.
How much of mine has gone that way!
Alas! how much more that may!



Where'er with friends I drink
Of one I always think:
She's pretty, she's witty and so true;
So with joy and great delight
I'll drink to her tonight,
And when doing so think none the less of
you.

Wine and Song.

For one faithful friend there're dozens that sneer,
For one happy laugh there's many a tear,
For one night of joy there're weeks of regret,
Each dollar squandered we seldom forget.
Then don't spend your pennies on nonsense or
trash,
There's no telling when with misfortune you'll
clash;
Go slow, for you'll find when you're all out of
cash,
For one day of turkey there're six days of hash.



Here's to the four cardinal sins:
Lying, stealing, swearing, drinking.
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman;
When you steal, steal away from temptation;
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you drink, drink with me.



Seek out the good in every man,
And speak of all the best ye can;
Then will all men speak well of thee,
And say how kind of heart ye be.

Wine and Song.

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?



Let us drink to our first sweetheart—the one
Whose phantom shape with dreamlit eyes
Comes back to us, after the rest are gone,
From the grave where it dormant lies;
To the one whose mem'ry around us yet
Clings like the odor of mignonette,
And never, never dies.



Today I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if tomorrow ne'er would shine;
But if tomorrow comes, why, then,
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine;

Wine and Song.

For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us drink no more!



Observe when mother earth is dry, (C
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears;
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking,
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.



All care to the wind we merrily fling,
For the damp, cold grave is a dead sure thing!
It's a dead sure thing we're alive tonight
And the damp, cold grave is out of sight.

Wine and Song.

I pray thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing in wild delight—
“ I will! I will be mad tonight! ”



Here's to champagne, the drink divine, ✓
That makes us forget our troubles ;
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine
And three dollars' worth of bubbles.



My life has been like sunny skies
When they are fair to view ;
But there never yet were lives or skies
Clouds might not wander through.



This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry—
“ Drink, mortal, drink, while Time is young,
Ere Death has made thee cold as I.”



We pour the spirits down to keep the spirits up.

Wine and Song.

Here's to the swan that swims near yon fair
shore—

I love one truly and I love no more;
May willow branches bend and break
Before that one I shall forsake.



Hither, Venus, queen of kisses, C
This shall be the night of blisses;
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye;
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush.
Goddess, hast thou e'er above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a soul that is not mine!



At the punch-bowl's brink C
Is the place to think—
So they say in Japan.
First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man.

But, since not all earth's golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumine
The silent midnight of the tomb.
No! give to others hoarded treasures,
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose social soul the goblet blends;
And mine, while yet I've life to live,
Those joys that Love alone can give.



Here's to the lassies we've loved, my lad, ✓
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lassies
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.



I know that Heaven hath sent me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journeyed o'er
Return no more—alas, no more!
And all the path I've yet to go
I neither know nor ask to know.

Wine and Song.

Away, then, wizard Care, nor think
Thy fetters round this soul to link;
Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee!
And, oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!



The grape that can with logic absolute,
The two and seventy jarring sects confute;
The sovereign alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into gold transmutes.



When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon its stream,
Then banish from my board the unpolished guest,
Who makes the fears of war his barbarous
theme.



Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true;

Wine and Song.

Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to the neatest one,
Here's to them all in one—here's to you.



Away, away, ye men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine.
Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humor sparkles from the wine;
Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my enlivening lyre.
And while the red cup foams along,
Mingle in soul as well as song.
Then, while I sit, with flowerets crowned,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the Nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,
And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy in that hour.
Envy! Oh, never let its blight
Touch the gay hearts met here tonight!

Wine and Song.

Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds
Disturb a scene, where all should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.



I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of long ago;
To the splendor, caught from Orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes;
Her large eyes filled with the fire of the south,
And the dewy wine of her warm red mouth.



While our rosy fillets shed
Freshness o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile;
And while the harp, impassioned, flings
Tuneful rapture from its strings,
Some airy Nymph, with graceful bound,
Keeps measure to the music's sound,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Trembles all over to her sighs.

Wine and Song.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?
No! stand to your glasses steady!
The world is a world of lies!
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

The sneer is the arrow
With folly that flies.
From the mind that is narrow
At one who is wise.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind;
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.

Wine and Song.

Man dwells apart but not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts that he hath known
For want of listeners are unsaid.



If the world is going wrong,
Forget it!
Sorrow never lingers long—
Forget it!
If your neighbor bears ill-will,
If your conscience won't be still,
If you owe an ancient bill,
Forget it!



Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odors chafed to fragrant death;
Or from the lips of Love inhale
A more ambrosial, richer gale!
To hearts that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there,
'While we exhaust the nectared bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectared bowl, the choral swell!

Wine and Song.

Health to the bold and dashing coquette
Who careth not for me ;
Whose heart, untouched by love as yet,
Is wild and fancy free.
Toasts of love to the timid dove
Are always going round—
Let mine be heard by the untamed bird,
And make your glasses sound.



Through this toilsome world, alas,
Once, and only once we pass ;
If a kindness we may show,
If a good deed we may do
To our suffering fellow-men,
Let us do it ; for 'tis plain,
We shall not pass this way again.



O, little fishes of the sea,
Had I the power divine,
I'd turn you into silver cups
And your sea to purple wine.

Wine and Song.

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.



Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long;
'Tis not with me exactly so
But 'tis so in my song.
✓ My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold
I still would want for more.



Come, fill the bowl, each jolly soul,
Let Bacchus guide our revels!
Join cup to lip, with hip, hip, hip!
And bury the blue devils!



To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, let come what may,
The Stars and Stripes forever!

Wine and Song.

We have toasted all names and all places,
We've toasted all kinds of game,
Why not just for loyalty's sake
Drink to our Nation's name?



May we always mingle in the friendly bowl ✓
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.



Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.



Here's to the heart
Though another's it be;
Here's to the cheeks,
Though they bloom not for me.



Behold! My boys, a goblet bear,
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!

Wine and Song.

Grasp the bowl! In nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Say, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we've yet to journey o'er?
Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'Tis only wine can strike a spark!



Here's health to the future,
A sigh for the past,
We can love and remember,
And hope to the last;
And for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart
We can never grow old.



Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For all too soon we learn the truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest.



Every day should be passed
As though it were to be our last.

Wine and Song.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.



Here's to the girls of the American shore;
I love but one, I love no more.
Since she's not here to drink her part,
I drink her share with all my heart.



Here's to those who'd love us
If we only cared;
Here's to those we'd love,
If we only dared.



Of all your beauties, one by one,
I pledge, dear, I am thinking;
Before the tale were well begun
I had been dead of drinking.



May the juice of the grape enliven each soul,
And good humor preside at the head of each bowl.

Wine and Song.

Here's to the merry old world,
And the days—be they bright or blue;
Here's to the Fates—let them bring what they
may,
But the best of them—that's you!



A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through the world is trouble and
care;
And, lastly, his egress out of the world,
Is, nobody knows where;
If we do well here, we shall do well there.
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.



Here's health to Columbia, the pride of the earth,
The Stars and Stripes—drink the land of our
birth!
Toast the army and navy who fought for our
cause,
Who conquered and won us our freedom and
laws.

Wine and Song.

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,
A pretty girl—however you dress her—
Is the prettiest thing that ever was made,
And the last one is always the prettiest—
Bless her!

✧
✓ Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where they're from;
May the best days you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

✧
I drink it as the Fates ordain it;
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

✧
Our hearts where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith, and our hope and our honor,
We pledge to our native soil.

✧
The juice of the grape is given to him who will
use it wisely,
As that which cheers the heart of man after toil,
Refreshes him in sickness, and comforts him in
sorrow.

Wine and Song.

He who enjoyeth it may thank God for his wine
cup as for his daily bread;
And he who abuses the gift of heaven is not a
greater fool, than thou in thine abstinence.



Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,
May mirth, wine and wit abound;
In them alone true wisdom lies—
For to be merry's to be wise.



There's many a man who tries with a will,
But Fate is so very averse,
He never can head the procession until
He is given a ride in a hearse.



To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face,
With eternal grace,
And the rest to be loved at leisure.



Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But oh, 'tis more sincere!

Wine and Song.

Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind;
But unlike affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.



'Tis true my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear.
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm called to wind the dance's clue,
Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask,
Embrace her in the field of arms,
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its brimming wave;
For though my fading years decay,
Though manhood's prime hath past away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrowed from my wine,
I'll wanton mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again!

Wine and Song.

Come, fill the glass and drain the bowl!
May Love and Bacchus still agree,
And every American warm his soul
With Cupid, Wine and Liberty.



A health to our sweethearts, our friends and our
wives,
And may fortune smile on them the rest of their
lives.



None shall be then cast down or weak,
For health and joy shall light each cheek;
No heart will then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly.



When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lulled to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men.
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Give me wealthy Croesus' store;
Can I, can I wish for more?

Wine and Song.

On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might!
Hasten to the sanguine fight!
But let me, my budding vine,
Spill no other blood than thine!
Yonder brimming goblet see!
That alone shall vanquish me—
Who think it better, wiser far
To fall in banquet than in war.



In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.



Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've played, and loved, and ate, and drank
your fill.
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the
stage.

Wine and Song.

Ladies: Our arms your defense;
Your arms our recompense.
Fall in!

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee, know all words are
faint!

When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;
And freshened by the goblet's dew,
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse;
When wine I drink, all sorrow's o'er,
I think of doubts and fears no more,
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.
When I drink wine, the ethereal boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And while we dance through vernal bowers,
Whose every breath comes fresh from flowers,
In wine he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of naught but him!

Wine and Song.

I see the right, and I approve it, too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.



They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
They go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God—
And more of Mrs. Grundy.



Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!



He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.



He that climbs the tall tree has won right to
the fruit;
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in
his suit.



To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis o'er.

Wine and Song.

The prince who kept the world in awe,
The judge whose dictate fix'd the law;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small
Are levell'd—Death confounds 'em all.



What if thou be saint or sinner,
Crooked gray-beard, straight beginner,
Empty paunch, or jolly dinner,
When Death thee shall call?
All alike are rich and richer,
King with crown, and cross-legged stitcher,
When the grave hides all.



Again I drink! And lo, there seems
A calmer light to fill my dreams;
The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head.
Then take the lyre, and sing "how blest
The life of him who lives at rest!"
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train;
And while rich perfumes round me rise,
That seems the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,

Wine and Song.

Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams!
When thus I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know;
When, with young revellers round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!
Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There's bliss in every drop of wine;
All other blessings I have known
I scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till Death o'ershadows all my joy.



Strange—is it not?—that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which, to discover, we must travel, too.



Hither haste, some cordial soul,
Help to my lips the brimming bowl!
And you shall see this hoary Sage
Forget at once his locks and age.

Wine and Song.

He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim,
As deeply quaff, as largely fill,
And play the fool right nobly still.



There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.



Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long;
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.



If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine's the true horse of Parnassus,
Which carries a bard to the skies!



But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
Lessens like sound of friends' departing feet;
And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
Coming with welcome at our journey's end.

Wine and Song.

There's nothing terrible in death ;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night, without a breath,
To break repose till dawn of day.



There is no music more for him :
His lights are out, his feast is done ;
His bowl that sparkled to the brim
Is drained, is broken, cannot hold.



When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale.
There's naught in Nature bright or gay
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;
Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,
O'er whitest arms it kindles through ;
In Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.



O, sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

Wine and Song.

One little hour of joy for me
Is worth a dull eternity!



When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? Never, never!
No, let the false deserter go,
For who would chase his direst foe?



For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine;
And he cares for nothing—a king is he!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!
With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.



He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires—
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

Wine and Song.

No one is so accursed by Fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto its own.



Sweet is the song of amorous fire,
Sweet the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
Thy wings can waft, thy mines can hold;
Well do I know thy arts, thy wiles;
They withered Love's young wreathed smiles;
And o'er his lyre such darkness shed
I thought its soul of song was fled!
They dashed the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was filled with kisses to the brim.



Desolate—Life is so dreary and desolate—
Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle,
Yet with itself every soul standeth single,
 Deep out of sympathy moaning its moan;
Holding and having its brief exultation,
Making its lonesome and low lamentation,
 Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.



Ships that pass in the night, and speak each
 other in passing,

Wine and Song.

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the
darkness.

So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one
another,

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again
and a silence.



You shall and you shant,
You will and you won't,
You're condemned if you do,
And you are damned if you don't.



Life treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart.



Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume;
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn the almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

Wine and Song.

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them?
There are who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in Fortune's sun
And sting the soul.



I know thou lovest a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure—
Thus do I enjoy the goblet most.



Oh! if Delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When Fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be Death indeed;
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!



These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.



Why, all delights are vain, and that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

Wine and Song.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.



Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight—
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!



Fill up the goblet and reach to me some!
Drinking makes wise, but dry fasting makes
glum.



Youth's endearing charms are fled,
Hoary locks deform my head,
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This it is that sets me sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!

Wine and Song.

Lone and dismal is the road,
Down to Pluto's dark abode;
And, when once the journey's o'er,
Alas! we can return no more!



How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.
Then fill the cup—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Memory gild the past.



Press the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.
Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on! And, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.



I filled to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank—
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still.

Wine and Song.

At length I bade an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaffed my nectar up.

Behold! How bright that purple lip
Now blushes through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee.

And still I drink the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And—in the nectar flows again.

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear,
And may that eyelid never shine
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine!



No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.

If fond regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away!

Wine and Song.

Long be the light of memory found
Alive within your social glass;
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which Oblivion dares not pass.



Fill me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle;
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Ne'er let it be the birth of madness.
No! banish from our board tonight
The revelries of rude delight;
To Scythians leave these wild excesses;
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreath,
In concert let our voices breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song.



Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why

Wine and Song.

Should every creature drink but I?
Why, men of morals, tell me why?



The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.



This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We, planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.



Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The spell of those eyes,
The balm of thy sighs
Still float on the surface and hallow my
bowl.

Wine and Song.

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drank the floods,
Distilled by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed
All blushed into beauty, like thee, sweet
maid!

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.



Drink to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

Wine and Song.

Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers played,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.



One bumper at parting, though many
Have circled the board since we met;
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that Pleasure hath in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come! May our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That mid the dull wilderness smile!

Wine and Song.

But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries, "Onward!" and spurs the gray hours—
Ah, never doth Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come! May our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun looked in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright;
And now, let our farewell of drinking,
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finished, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim;
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies midst the tears of the cup.



All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

Wine and Song.

Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that drops in springing.
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!



Come, send round the wine, and leave points of
belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief
To be withered and stained by the dust of the
schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be
blue,
But, while they are filled from the same bright
bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of
hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the
soul.

Wine and Song.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When Pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh, stay! Oh, stay!
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this tonight, that oh, 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.



Wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven tonight,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us;
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.

Wine and Song.

Then, wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven tonight,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos,
And man may brew
His nectar, too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended;
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven tonight,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Wine and Song.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever;
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends forever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven tonight,
And leave dull earth behind us!



Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of Mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen—
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in?
Just take off the bubble that gleams on the
top of it;

Wine and Song.

But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain
every drop of it.
Send round the cup—for, oh, there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of Mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen—
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.



To America's daughters—let all fill their
glasses—
Whose beauty and virtue the whole world sur-
passes.
May blessings attend them, go wherever they
will,
And foul fall the man e'er offers them ill.



Life is a jest, and all things show it—
I thought so once, but now I know it.



A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.



A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her whom he loves best;

Wine and Song.

To every lovely lady bright
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover, too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage,
And oillow soft to head of age.



A cheerful glass, a pretty lass,
A friend sincere and true;
Blooming health, good store of wealth
Attend on me and you.



The bubble winked at me and said:
"You'll miss me, brother, when you're dead."



Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we
drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure,
through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the
chain.



Say, Bacchus, why so placid? What can there be
In common held by Pallas and by thee?

Wine and Song.

Her pleasure is in darts and battles; thine
In joyous feasts and draughts of rosy wine.



I sing the hymn of the conquered,
Who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten,
Who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors,
For whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus,
Whose brows wore the chaplet of Fame;
But the hymn of the low and the humble,
The weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely
A silent and desperate part.



“Farewell!”

For in that word—that fatal word—howe’er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes de-
spair!



Oh, banquet not in those shining bowers
Where Youth resorts, but come to me;
For mine’s a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.

Wine and Song.

And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts to lips that bloom no more!

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valor sleeps, unnamed, forgot.



Here's to the Chaperon—
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.



Clink, clink your glasses and drink!
Why should we trouble borrow!
Care not for sorrow,
A fig for the morrow!
Tonight let's be merry and drink!



Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may,

Wine and Song.

For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For oh, not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.
Then, quick! we have but a second—
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If ever thou seest that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouched away!
Then quick! we have but a second—
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
And we must away, away!



Take hence the bowl, tho' beaming
Brightly as bowl ere shone;
Oh, it but sets me dreaming
Of happy days now gone.

Wine and Song.

There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some scene of bliss gone by;
Bright lips too bright to wither,
Warm hearts too warm to die.
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanished years—
Alas, the wine before me
Seems turning all to tears!



Come, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to
him.

Here's to the girl that each loves, be her eye of
what hue

Or lustre it may, so her heart is but true.



If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because they're dry,
Or lest they should be by and by—
Or any other reason why.

Wine and Song.

Fill up the bowl, upon my soul,
Your trouble you'll forget, sir;
If it takes more, fill twenty score,
Till you have drowned regret, sir.



O, fill the wine cup high!
The sparkling liquor pour,
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home,
A dwelling in our hearts.



Some take their gold in minted mold,
And some in harps hereafter;
But give me mine in tresses fine,
And keep the change in laughter.



When the weary heart and mind
Sweet nepenthe fain would find,
Naught like wine so swift can bring
Glad surcease to sorrowing.
So it comes that when I feel
Thoughts of sadness o'er me steal,

Wine and Song.

I with Bacchus vigils keep
Till my senses fall asleep.
Why with sorrow should we groan
And like foolish children moan,
When to every sorrow's sting
Wine her solace soon will bring?
Tell me this: Should we take note
When we have such antidote?
Willy, nilly, soon or late
We must leave this present state.
Leave it? Yes; and where do men
After death turn up again?
Why should I, then, fail to gain
What of good there doth remain?
Therefore, say I, friend of mine,
Drink you still your stint of wine,
So that if tonight Death came
You'd stand even with the game.



If wealth for me could buy
New lease of life when old,
No man more close than I
Would hoard the yellow gold,
So that when at my door
Death's footfall I should hear,
I'd hand him out his score
And he would disappear.

Wine and Song.

Since gold cannot avail
To stretch my life one hair,
For it, then, should I wail
Or for it have a care?
Nay, rather be it mine,
Whatever Fortune sends,
To have good store of wine,
Sweet books and hosts of friends.



A little time, my dearie,
To dwell beneath Love's sky;
And then the night falls dreary—
Goodby! Goodby! Goodby!

A little time, my dearie,
To smile, to weep, to sigh;
And then with hearts grown weary—
Goodby! Goodby! Goodby!

A little time—the morrow
Will light a lovelier sky;
And then kiss hands to sorrow—
Goodby! Goodby! Goodby!



Oh, life goes spinning by
Like wheels that may not rust,

Wine and Song.

And soon we all must lie
Dissolved in quiet dust.

Why, then, with useless toil
Should we libations pour,
Or waste our wine and oil
On those that are no more?

To dance the dance of death,
I soon must go below ;
So while I have a breath
I will not dream of woe.

This of my thoughts is chief—
To use Life while I may ;
For, oh ! the hour is brief
Till I am borne away.



In fact, to speak in earnest,
I believe it adds a charm,
To spice the good a trifle
With a little dust of harm.



Here's to bride and mother-in-law,
Here's to groom and father-in-law ;
Here's to sister and brother-in-law,
Here's to friends and friends-in-law—
May none of them need an attorney-at law.

Wine and Song.

To Death, the jolly old bouncer, now
Our glasses let's be clinking;
If it hadn't put others out, I trow,
Tonight we'd not be drinking.



A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom;
With some few friends for certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.



Here's to one and only one,
And that is she,
Who loves but one and only one,
And that is me.



God made man frail as a bubble;
God made love, love made trouble;
God made the vine—was it a sin
That man made wine to drown trouble in?



'Tis Nature's self and cup that fills,
In spite of folly's frown;
And Nature from her vine-clad hills
That rains her life-blood down.

Wine and Song.

Laugh and be fat, sir, your penance is known!
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink—
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.



I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.



Enjoy the play of life, my friend, until
The curtain falls and you have had your fill;
You never can come back if once you go,
For there are no return checks to this show.



Here's to the land of the Shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling Colleen;
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
And may God save old Ireland—that's an Irish-
man's toast.



"Well," murmured one, "let whoso make or buy,
My clay with long oblivion is gone dry;
But fill me with the old familiar juice—
Methinks I might recover by and by."

Wine and Song.

Little ter-day an' little ter-morrer,
Out o' meal an' boun' ter borrer;
Hoe cake an' dab o' dough,
Dash her down an' say no mo'.
Peace at home an' pleasure abroad,
Please your neighbor an' sarve th' Lord.
God bless you!



Oh, here's to other meetings,
And merry greetings then;
And here's to those we've drunk with,
But never can again.



Precious fingers, precious toes,
Precious eyes and precious nose,
Precious chin and precious lip,
Precious fool that lets 'em slip.



Here is a riddle most abstruse—
Canst read the answer right?
Why is it that my tongue grows loose
Only when I grow tight?



Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

Wine and Song.

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!



While there's life on the lip,
While there's warmth in the wine,
One deep health I'll pledge,
And that health shall be thine.



Here's a health for those I love,
And a curse for those I hate!
For, despite my God above,
The two will I separate!



For highest cordials all their virtues lose,
By too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress
Ruins our health when taken to excess.



Here's that you may live a thousand years,
And I the same time less one day;
For I would not care to live one hour
After you have passed away.

Wine and Song.

May this be our maxim where'er we are twirled :
A fig for the cares of this whirl-a-gig world.



With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain shall be my last.



Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with
sips,

A cold pulse, or a spirit supine ;
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my
lips

To commingle its flow with the wine.
Then with wine, as is due, let the honors be paid,
Whilst I give my hand, heart, and head ;
Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner,
kind maid,

Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed !



Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the red grapes, while music charms the ears.



Here's to the woman with face so fair,
Framed in a wreath of beautiful hair ;
Pretty red lips as soft as a rose—
How many have kissed them God only knows.

Wine and Song.

Flow, wine! Smile, woman! And the universe
is consoled!



And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile.



Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel
And lap me in delight.



Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.



No eye to watch us and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.



For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

Wine and Song.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was white as snow;
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
And he sang every night as he went to bed:
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be
dead"—
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.



Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?



Where is the man who can bravely say,
"I have loved her all my life;
Since I took her hand on the wedding-day
I have loved only my wife?"
Would we not praise him long and well
With the warmest praise that is,
The man who could boldly, firmly tell
And stick to a lie like this?

Wine and Song.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care—
To stay at home is best.



By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining
From love so sweet, O, who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.



Let the world slide, let the world go—
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.



In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul;
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest.



Take a hall, dim lit,
A pair of stairs where two may sit;

Wine and Song.

Of music soft, a bar or so;
Two spoons of—just two spoons, you know;
Of little love pats, one or two,
Or one squeezed hand instead will do;
A waist—the size to be embraced,
And two ripe lips, rose red, to taste;
And if the lips are soft and sweet,
You'll find your happiness complete.



Three B's there be, three busy B's,
Together go always:
Two of them cater to my ease,
The third curtails my days.

The twain are comrades staunch and true,
The other makes me ill:
The Bottle and the Bird are two,
The third B is the Bill!



Say, what is Life? 'Tis to be born,
A helpless babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then?

Wine and Song.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span;
And cruel Death is always near—
So frail a thing is man.



Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels disease, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague.



Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the ill with tears.



— Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasure to fulfill.
Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey—
The horse doth with the horseman run away.



I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure Morality.

Wine and Song.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so."



In men we various ruling passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.



God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.



In the embers shining bright
A garden grows for thy delight,
With roses yellow, red, and white.
But, O my child, beware, beware!
Touch not the roses growing there,
For every rose a thorn doth bear.



And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

Wine and Song.

We look before and after,
And sigh for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought,



And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.



Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.



O madness to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of
health!
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to
rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Wine and Song.

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore Labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in Life's feast.



Let us drain the nectared bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectared bowl, the choral swell;
The god who taught the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nurst with infant love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
So oft has fondled in her arms.
Oh, 'tis from him the transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him the brow forgets its gloom,
And brilliant graces learn to bloom.



Well observe
The rule of "Not too much," by temperance
taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st.

Wine and Song.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and
from West,
From North and South, come the Pilgrim and
guest,
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees
round his board,
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother
once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl
smiled before—
What moistens the lips and what brightens the
eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin
pie?



O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled!
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love, sole philosopher!
For all besides are sophists; from thy thrift
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of
thee a gift.

Wine and Song.

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.



Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not
tame,

When once it is within thee ; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list, and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the
round.



Old Time, in whose banks we deposit our notes,
Is a Miser who always wants guineas for groats ;
He keeps all his customers still in arrears
By lending them minutes and charging them
years.



Today is ours—what do we fear?
Today is ours—we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow—
To the gods belongs tomorrow.

Wine and Song.

This day was yesterday tomorrow nam'd ;
Tomorrow shall be yesterday proclaimed ;
Tomorrow not yet come, not far away,
What shall tomorrow then be called—today?



Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call today his own ;
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd today.



Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise.
Pass, therefore, not today in vain,
For it will never come again.



Some say "tomorrow" never comes,
A saying oft thought right ;
But if tomorrow never came,
No end were of "tonight."
The fact is this: time flies so fast,
That e'er we've time to say
"Tomorrow's come," presto! behold!
"Tomorrow" proves "today."

Wine and Song.

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife;
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine?



Few things surpass old wine; and they may
 preach
Who please, the more because they preach in
 vain.
Let us have wine and women, mirth and
 laughter—
Sermons and soda-water the day after.



Wine, which cheers the sad, revives the old,
 inspires
The young, makes Weariness forget his toil,
And Fear, her danger, opens a new world
When this, the present, palls!
 Sing! Who sings
 To her who wreathed a hundred rings?
 Ah, who is this lady fine?
 The Vine, boys, the Vine!
 The mother of the mighty Wine.
 A roamer is she
 O'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.

Wine and Song.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.



So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers on dry ground
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.



When Christ, at Cana's feast by power divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
"See!" cried they, while in red'ning tide it
gushed,
"The bashful stream hath seen its God and
blushed."



See how it sparkles,
This drink divine;
But all its lustre your eyes outshine.

Wine and Song.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives Genius a better discerning.



Day and night my thoughts incline
To the blandishments of wine;
Jars were made to drain, I think;
Wine, I know, was made to drink.



'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove
We are sure to find something blissful and
dear;
And that when we are far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are
near.



There is a glorious candor in an honest quart of
wine,
A certain inspiration which I cannot well define!
How it bubbles, how it sparkles, how its gurgling
seems to say:
"Come! on a tide of rapture let me float your
soul away!"

Wine and Song.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt:
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if you draw not too fast.



Here's to the love that lies in woman's eyes—
And lies, and lies, and lies.



The goblets fill to brimming,
Hail the vintage rich and glowing,
In the goblets redly flowing,
Like a baby Cupid's crowing;
This our festival will grace!
Hail the Wine that wakens laughter
From the cellar to the rafter,
Leaving care to follow after—
Leading him a pretty chase!



Truth in a deep well lieth—
So the wise aver;
But Truth the fact denieth—
Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers,
Like this mighty cup,
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.

Wine and Song.

Mind not tho' the daylight around us is breaking.
Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but
just waking?

Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,
Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.

Who'll say that moments we use thus are
wasted?

Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted;
While hearts are high beating and harps full in
tune,

The fault is all morning's for coming so soon.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never,
Now, while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost forever.
Hark! Again that dull chime,
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing!

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing.

Wine and Song.

To those we love we've drank tonight,
But now attend and stare not;
While I the ampler list recite
Of those for whom WE CARE NOT.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
If on their fronts they bear not
That noblest gem that decks a crown—
The People's love—WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want—WE CARE NOT.

For prudent men who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
To Beauty's shaft—WE CARE NOT.

For all, in short, on land or sea,
In camp or court, who are not,
Who never were, or e'er will be
Good men and true—WE CARE NOT.



Fare ye well! Thus sinks away
All that's mighty, all that's bright;
Tyre and Sidon had their day,
And even a Ball has but its night.

Wine and Song.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim,
Let not a moon-beam glimmer
 'Twixt the flood and brim.
When hath the world set eyes on
 Aught to match this light,
Which o'er our cup's horizon
 Dawns in bumpers bright?



Fill the goblet again! For I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to
 its core.
Let us drink!—who would not?—since through
 life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.
Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the
 soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.
Long life to the grape! For when summer is
 flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own.
We must die—who shall not? May our sins be
 forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

Wine and Song.

Well! Well! The world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails.
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust—perhaps a name.



A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread,—and thou
Besides me singing in the wilderness —
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!



Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much
sicker;
Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss;
But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
And adding still a little through each cross—
Which will come over things—beats love or
liquor.

The gamester's counter, or the statesman's dross,
Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapor.



Damsels and dances, revels, ready money,
Make ice seem paradise, and winter sunny.

Wine and Song.

What, without asking, hither hurried whence?
And, without asking, whither hurried hence!
Oh, many a cup of this forbidden wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!



For me, I know naught; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, condemn. And what know you,
Except, perhaps, that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, Font of Eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so called, is a thing which makes men
weep,
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep.



Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears.
Tomorrow! Why, tomorrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.



The poor dog! In life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend!
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone!

Wine and Song.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best,
That from this vintage rolling time had prest;
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.



Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the dust descend;
Dust unto dust, and under dust, to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans
end!



Then to the lip of this poor earthen urn
I leaned, the secret of my life to learn;
And lip to lip it murmured: "While you live,
Drink, for, once dead, you never shall return."



Perplexed no more with human or divine,
Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress—slender minister of wine.



Here's to the cup that cheers
Today of past repentances and future fears.

Wine and Song.

In the heart of this goblet fragile
How the frolicsome bubbles play;
From the depths of its fragrant bosom
There arises a rich bouquet,
That lovingly wreathes its aroma
Your passionate senses around,
Till you live in a world enchanted,
Where golden-winged visions abound.

There's no sweet in the world to measure
With the juice of the golden vine;
There's no delicate new-born pleasure
That can rival the rapture of wine.
Then let's not fear its fragrant perfume—
Good wine's been defamed too long;
For if it steals away our reason,
It gives us love, laughter, and song.



Why to me descant of laws,
Promises and legal saws,
When you know that from this rot
I no benefit have got?
Better tell me, I opine,
How to drain a glass of wine;
Better teach me how to play
With fair Venus while I may.

Wine and Song.

See, already on my brow
Snows of age are falling now,
Warning me how soon I must
Yield to darkness and to dust.
Hasten, boy, the water pour
From the cup I drink no more!
Fling your water flasks all by—
Wine alone doth satisfy
One who fain would drink so deep
That his soul should fall asleep.
Shortly here I shall abide.
Soon, too soon, the grave shall hide
Every spark of mortal fire—
And the dead have no desire!



The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water;
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter.
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh, none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Thro' sparkling floods to gain her!



And if the wine you drink, the lip you press,
End in what all begins, and ends in—yes;

Wine and Song.

Think then you are today what yesterday
You were—tomorrow you shall not be less.



Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter fruit.



Yesterday this day's madness did prepare,
Tomorrow's silence, triumph, or despair;
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor
why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.



Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?



Yet once again, but once before we sever,
Fill we one brimming cup—it is the last—
And let those lips, now parting and forever,
Breathe o'er this pledge the memory of the
past.

Wine and Song.

Here's a toast to the host who carved the roast,
And a toast to the hostess—
May none ever "roast" us.



Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish,
And when an angler for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, the wretch, to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the rascal in.



To my enemies here's my toast:
I hope each shall soon be a ghost,
And that the devil in hell
Will ne'er be a day well,
"Till all have been given a roast.



The morn comes after the night,
The sunshine after the rain;
Peace with its glory after the fight,
And pleasure after the pain.
Here's wishing a joy for you,
To follow on every sorrow,
And for every wrong today may do,
A thousand rights tomorrow.

Wine and Song.

Here's hoping how and hoping who
And hoping when and where;
And may all good things come to you
Before you cease to care.



In the ladder of lives we are given to climb
This life counts as only a moment of time;
The one thing to do in the brief little space
Is to make the world glad that we ran in the
race.



Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered about and together be laid;
And the rich and the poor and the low and the
high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie!

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath

Wine and Song.

From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death;
From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud!
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?



The affection of your dog is unfailing and unobtrusive. If you are sad, so is he. If you are merry no one is more willing to leap and laugh with you than he. To your dog you are never old. To your dog you are never poor. Whether you live in a palace or a cottage he does not care, and fall you as low as you may, you are his providence and his idol still.

Woman.

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it
had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.



Woman! Mother! Woman! Wife!
The sweetest names that language knows!
Thy breast with holy motives rife,
With holiest affection glows!
Thou queen! thou angel of my life!



When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Adam called her woe-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man;

Woman.

But now with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets brimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.



Here's to the Woman, present and past,
And to those to come hereafter;
But if one comes here after us
We'll have no cause for laughter.



They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne was hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.



Brisk wine and lovely women are
The source of all our joys;
A bumper softens every care
And beauty never cloy.
Then let us drink and let us love
While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine we all approve
As blessings night and day.

Woman.

Honored be Woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light,
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise fresh from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of Love.



Drink to the fair Woman, who I think
Is most entitled to it;
For if anything ever can drive me to drink,
She certainly can do it.



Here's to the Woman whose heart and whose soul
Are the light and the life of each spell we
pursue;
Whether sunned at the tropics or chilled at the
pole,
If women be there there is happiness too.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure,
through pain,
That, fast as feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the
chain.

Woman.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A Woman—of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.



Man's inhumanity to man is hard;
In fact 'tis scarce in line with aught that's
human;
And yet 'tis quite angelic as compared
With Woman's inhumanity to Woman.



Here's to the Woman
Who, in her hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
But, seen too oft, familiar thy face,
First we pity, then endure, and then embrace.



For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
Let us toast all the ladies together.

Woman.

And yet believe, whether good or ill,
Woman at best is a contradiction still.



As for the women, though we scorn and flout
'em,
We may live with, but we cannot live without
'em.



Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In Woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
'That weapon of her weakness she can wield
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.



Oh! what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!



A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door;
But not, like snail, with silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.



All other goods by fortune's hand are given:
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.

THE FIRST
ALPHABETICAL

Woman.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.



The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.



Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.



But, alas! alas! for the woman's fate,
Who has from a mob to choose a mate!
'Tis a strange and painful mystery!
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch,
The more the fish, the worse the catch,
The more the sparks, the worse the match—
Is a fact in Woman's history.

Woman.

Loveliest of women, heaven is in thy soul!
Beauty and virtue shine forever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! Thou art all divine!



So let us all, yes, by that love which all our lives
rejoices,
By those dear eyes that speak to us with love's
seraphic voices,
By those dear arms that will enfold us when we
sleep forever,
By those dear lips that kiss the lips that may give
answer never,
But mem'ries lurking in our hearts and all our
eyes bedimmin'—
We'll drink a health to those we love and who
love us—the wimmin!



On one she smiled, and he was blest;
She smiles elsewhere—we make a din;
But 'twas not love which heaved her breast,
Fair child—it was the bliss within.



Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O,
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
An' then she made the lassies, O!

Woman.

What a strange thing is man! And what a stranger

Is Woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool, full of depth and danger,
Is all the rest about her!



I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might
pierce."

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being not now, but only while a lad,
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once, from North to South.



I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.



Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice; but Woman when she
Was a skillful mistress of her art.

Woman.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smiled.



A Woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he liv'd, and might have
 been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.



Are women books? says Hodge. Then would
 mine were
An Almanac—to change her every year.



And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.



Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a Woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an
 end on't.



If the heart of man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a Woman appears.

Woman.

Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five.



Maids must be wives and mothers, to fulfill
The entire and holiest end of Woman's being.



O Woman! born first to believe us,
Yea, also born first to forget;
Born first to betray and deceive us,
Yet first to repent and regret.



The life of Woman is full of woe,
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but on the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!



Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

Woman.

O Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.



What mighty ills have not been done by Woman!
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman!
Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A Woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? A Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!



Whene'er a Woman vows to love you
In Fortune's spite,
Makes protestations that would prove you
Her soul's delight,
Swears that no other love shall win her
By passion stirred,
Believe her not—the charming sinner
Will break her word.



O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

Woman.

And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!



Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.



For Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain. His dearest bond is this:
Not like to like, but like in difference.



Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a Woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Woman.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.



Follow a shadow, it still flies you ;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.
So court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?



Here's to the Woman who is glad in her gladness ;
And the Woman who is sad in her sadness ;
Here's to the Woman who is mad in her madness.
But the Woman who is glad,
And the Woman who is sad,
And the Woman who is mad,
Isn't in it with the Woman
Who is bad in her badness.



Whene'er you're in doubt, said a Sage I once
knew,
'Twixt two lines of conduct which course to
pursue,

Woman.

Ask a Woman's advice, and whate'er she advise,
Do the very reverse, and you're sure to be wise.



Woman! experience might have told me
That all must love thee who behold thee!
Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are naught.
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh, memory! thou choicest blessing.
When joined with hope, when still possessing;
But how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled and passion's over!
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows!
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth!
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When lo! she changes in a day!
This record will for ever stand:
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand!"

Woman.

If Woman is not worth the wooing, surely she is not worth the winning.

Heaven has refused genius to Woman in order to concentrate all the fire in her heart.

When women love us, they forgive us everything, even our crimes; when they do not love us, they give us credit for nothing, not even for our virtues.

In a tete-a-tete a Woman speaks in a loud tone to the man to whom she is indifferent, in a low tone to the one she begins to love, and keeps silent with the one she loves.

Mothers are the only goddesses in whom the whole world believes.

The tears of a young widow lose their bitterness when wiped by the hands of love.

A Woman who has surrendered her lips has surrendered everything.

A beautiful Woman is the paradise of the eyes, the hell of the soul, and the purgatory of the purse.

Woman.

Let no man value at a little price a virtuous Woman's counsel.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy years of age, that I ever knew, were to be divided: 1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.

X Woman and music should never be dated.

If a Woman appears to you especially innocent and simple minded, especially beware.

(She needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself.)

Men may say of marriage and women what they please; they will renounce neither the one nor the other.

Women have two ways of creating an effect: with tears and with paint.

The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. If the world was lost through Woman, she alone can save it.

Woman is an idol that man worships—until he throws it down.

Woman.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.

There are three things that I have always loved and have never understood: Painting, Music, Woman.

How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands—if it were not the custom to weep!

There is no torture that a Woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty.

Modesty in a Woman is a virtue most deserving, since man does all he can to cure her of it.

I have seen more than one Woman drown her honor in the clear water of diamonds.

Women are in the moral world what flowers are in the physical.

Tears are the strength of women.

Modesty is like a little girl, because it becomes a Woman.

Woman.

There is no more agreeable companion than the Woman who loves us.

God created the coquette as soon as he made the fool.

The whisper of a beautiful Woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.

The heart of a coquette is like a rose—of which the lovers pluck the leaves, leaving only the thorns for the husband.

(We need the friendship of a man in great trials; of a Woman in the affairs of every day life.)

It is easier for a Woman to defend her virtue against men, than her reputation against women.

Nature has said to Woman: Be fair if thou cans't, be virtuous if thou wilt; but prudent thou must be.

Woman—the fairest work of the great author. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy.

Woman.

There are three things that women throw away: their time, their money, and their health.

Women give themselves to God when the devil wants nothing more to do with them.

We meet in society many attractive women whom we would fear to make our wives.

Without Woman man would be rough, rude, solitary, and would ignore all the graces which are but the smiles of love. Woman weaves about him the flowers of life, as the vines of the forest decorate the trunk of the oak with their fragrant garlands.

An asp would render its sting more venomous by dipping it into the heart of a coquette.

Before marriage Woman is a queen; after marriage a subject.

The more idle a Woman's hand, the more occupied her heart.

Lover, daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother: in these six words lies what the human heart contains of the sweetest, the most ecstatic, the most sacred, and the most ineffable.

Woman.

Who takes an eel by the tail, or a Woman at her word, soon finds he holds nothing.

True modesty protects a Woman better than her garments.

Respect your wife; heap earth around that flower, but never drop any in the chalice.

Coquetry is a continual lie, which renders a Woman more contemptible and more dangerous than a courtesan who never lies.

In ill-matched marriages the fault is less the Woman's than the man's, as the choice depended on her the least.

A prude exhibits her virtue in word and manner; a virtuous Woman shows hers in her conduct.

As soon as women are ours we are no longer theirs.

Consideration for Woman is the measure of a nation's progress in social life.

Women have no worse enemies than women.

Love.

Would that I loved you not so much,
So bitter the mad love seems ;
For your hands I hold and your lips I touch—
Only in dreams, in dreams.

I drift your way on a lonely sea,
Where never a bright star gleams ;
And I hear your sweet voice calling me—
Only in dreams, in dreams.

Only in dreams with a sob and a sigh,
Where never the morning beams ;
Must I live to love you a whole life long
Only in dreams, in dreams?



How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right ;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.

Love.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with the love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life! And, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death!



Here's to Love, a thing so divine,
Description makes it but less;
'Tis what we feel, but cannot define,
'Tis what we know, but cannot express.



The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When Love is done.



What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Love.

With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence o'er and o'er again,
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew
 pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!



Let's be gay while we may,
And seize Love with laughter;
I'll be true as long as you,
And not a minute after!



Here 're lovers two to the maiden true,
And four to the maid caressing;
But the wayward girl, with lips that curl,
Keeps twenty lovers guessing.



Here's to the wings of Love,
May they never molt a feather,
Until your little barque and my little barque
Sail down the stream of life together.



If you become a Nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant—"We trust in thee."

Love.

I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side;
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelmed him in the racy spring.
Then drank I down the poisoned bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul.
O, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest—
I feel him fluttering in my breast.



Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
Upon the cold insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odor's breath
Affect the still, cold sense of death?
Oh, no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep;
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its sweets expire;
And bring the Nymph whose eyes hath power
To brighten even death's cold hour.
Yes, Cupid! ere my shade retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and social cheer,
I'll make my own elysium here!

Love.

'Tis said that absence conquers Love;
But oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.



And let the Loving-Cup go round,
The cup with blessed memories crowned,
That flows when e'er we meet, my boys.
No draught will hold a drop of sin,
If love is only well stirred in
To keep it sound and sweet, my boys,
To keep it sound and sweet.



In each cheek appears a pretty dimple.
Love made those hollows. If himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.



Go away from me, I hate you!
Come back to me, I love you!
You are the cause of all my woes,
For you I've sold all my clothes,
But God knows,
With all my woes,
I love you still.

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
That I might catch that smile divine;
And like my own fond fancy be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee.
Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds;
Or, turned into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave;
Would I were perfume for thy hair,
To breathe thy soul in fragrance there;
Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or even those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow.
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, anything that touches thee!
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Even to be trod by them were sweet!



'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my soul hath rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

Love.

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.

Oh, bird of Love! with song so dear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
But let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!



Love me with thy thinking soul,
Break it to Love's sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living, dying.

Thus if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love's no fable,
I will love thee half a year—
All a man is able.



In her first passion woman loves her lover;
In all the others, all she loves is Love.



Could we forbear dispute and practice Love,
We should agree as angels do above.

Let's fly, my love, from noonday's beam,
To plunge us in yon cooling stream;
Then, hastening to the festal bower,
We'll pass in mirth the evening hour!
'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly,
As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the graceful form,
Will chill the pulse, while throbbing warm;
And death—alas! that hearts which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!
When Spring adorns the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the scented mead it flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine;
And with some maid, who breathes but Love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,
Or sit in some cool, green recess—
Oh, is not this true happiness?



To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers,

'Love.

To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!



I love your lips when they're wet with wine,
And warm with a wild desire;
I love your eyes when their light divine
Is lost in a passionate fire;
I love your arms when their white, hot flesh
Burns me in close embrace;
I love your hair when its strands enmesh
My kisses against your face.

Not for me the cold, calm kiss,
Or a virgin's bloodless love;
Not for me the saint's white bliss,
The spotless breast of a dove;
Not for me the love that lives
For a sinless, soulful aim,
But the love that its riches freely gives,
And laughs though the whole world blame.

So kiss me sweet with your warm, wet mouth,
Still fragrant with rosy wine;
Say with the fervor that's born in the south,
Your body and soul are mine;
Clasp me close till the break of day,
While the pale stars smile above,

And we'll laugh our long, wild lives away
In the joy of a living love.



The "Origin of Love?"—Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou mayst read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?



Oh, Love! What is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy
bowers,

And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odors pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to
die—

Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.



'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same clime.
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—

A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpened from its high celestial flavor
Down to a very homely household savor.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine;
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing;
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the contest try;
Here, upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul.



Come twine the wreath, thy brow to shade,
These flowers were culled at noon;
Like woman's Love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon.
For though the flower's decayed,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when Love's betrayed,
Its sweet life blooms no more.



I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind;
But this is the best of all, I hold:
His eyes are in his mind.



Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But Love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will.

When fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where Love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.



Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Each other every wish they give—
Not to know Love is not to live.



"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day
To drooping Age, who crost his way.
"It is a sunny hour of play
For which repentance dear doth pay.
Repentance! Repentance!
And this is Love—as wise men say."



O Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will;
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years
of ill.

Love.

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you ;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breath of heaven betwixt you ;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behooving and unbehooing ;
Unless you can *die*, when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving !



Ask not of me, Love, what is Love ?
Ask what is good of God above ;
Ask of the great sun what is light ;
Ask what is darkness of the night ;
Ask sin of what may be forgiven ;
Ask what is happiness of heaven ;
Ask what is folly of the crowd ;
Ask what is fashion of the shroud ;
Ask what is sweetness of the kiss ;
Ask of thyself what beauty is.



Love is a plant that most with cutting grows ;
Best cherished when least nourished.



Where Love is great, the little doubts are fear ;
When little fears grow great, great Love grows
there.

Love.

Love is not Love
Which alters when it alternation finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.



Why should we kill the best of passions, Love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.



Dan Cupid gave a picnic
Once on a summer's day,
And invited all the other Loves
To join him in his play.
There was Big Love and Little Love,
And the Love that Flies Away,
And Naughty Love and Haughty Love,
And The Love that Loves Alway;
And Long Love and Strong Love,
And Love for the Happy Hour,
And Love that Loves for Love Alone,
And Love with the Visage Sour.

Love.

Yet the picnic proved a failure,
For the best Loves stayed away—
The Constant Love and the Tender Love,
And the Love that ne'er says Nay.



Thy heart is like some icy lake,
On whose cold brink I stand;
Oh, buckle on my spirit's skate,
And lead, thou living saint the way.
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet
And let a lover in!



Mysterious Love, uncertain treasure,
Has thou more of pain or pleasure?
Endless torments dwell about thee;
Yet who would live, and live without thee!



I cannot love as I have loved,
And yet I know not why;
It is the one great woe of life
To feel all feeling die.



Divine is Love and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

Love.

Man's Love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may
range

The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart.

Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart;

And few there are whom these cannot estrange.
Men have all these resources, we but one:

To love again and be again undone.



O, Love, Love, Love,
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizness!



Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast.



How can we tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can we tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

Love.

Love is all in fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leasing;
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.



Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.



No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.



In peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war he mounts the warrior's steed.
In halls in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For Love is heaven, and heaven is Love.



Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray!

Love.

This is the very ecstasy of Love,
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven.



True Love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and soul can bind.



They sin who tell us Love can die!
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell.



Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I-
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blush'd yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.
What! both these snowy hands? Ah, then,
I'll have to say Good-night again.

Love.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near
home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.



He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse.



I count my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons,
And nights; these are my old moons and my
new moons.

Slow fly the hours, fast the hours flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me.
If thou art far, the bird's tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes.



Grow to my lips, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more.

And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolved by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Fly, swift as breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come blushing to this ardent breast.
Then, while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all enamoured sink
In sweet abandonment resigned,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"



I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue,
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me—
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;

Love.

'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!



When Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things—
Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love given to rove
To two or three,
Then—good-by Love!

Love.

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Thro' good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care,
To Jericho.



The roses of Love glad the garden of life,
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pesti-
lent dew,
Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
Or prunes them forever in Love's last adieu!
In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;
The chance of an hour may command us to part,
Or death disunite us in Love's last adieu!
Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-
swollen breast,
Will whisper, "Our meeting we yet may
renew;"
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's
represt,
Nor taste we the poison of Love's last adieu!

Love.

When Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with a tear.



When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind;
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstripped and vanquished in the mental chase.
The young, the old, have worn the chains of
Love—

Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove.



Alas! the Love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown;
And, if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone;
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate Love! It stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall.

The tree of knowledge has been plucked—all's
known—

And life yields nothing further to recall

Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filched for us from
heaven.



Let those whose souls condemn the pleasing
power

Their censures on the hapless victim shower.



That Love had arrows, well I knew—
Alas! I find them poisoned, too.



Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below.

Who that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood, all its pain,
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?



Who can conceive, who hast not proved,
The anguish of a last embrace,
When, torn from all you fondly loved,
You bid a long adieu to peace?

This is the deepest of our woes,
For this these tears our cheeks bedew ;
This is of love the final close,
Oh, God ! the fondest, last adieu !



Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
That Love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear ;
That Age will come on, when remembrance,
deploring,
Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a
tear.

Love.

Oh, then let us drain, while we may, draughts of
pleasure,
Which from passion like ours may unceasingly
flow ;
Let us pass round the cup of Love's bliss in full
measure,
And quaff the contents as our nectar below.



Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below ;
Song was cold and Painting dim,
Till Song and Painting learned from him.



A broken cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat.
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of Love's delicious fire,
In mirthful measures warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee !



Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing ;
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue ?

Love.

All my life with sorrow strewing ;
Wed, or cease to woo !



Had I but known long years ago
The deep unrest, the weight of woe,
The pain of having loved you so ;
Had I but seen through mist of years
My bitter sacrifice of tears ;
Had I but felt, as I do now,
These scars of sorrow on my brow,
No seeds of promise had I sown,
My life were not so weary grown !
Had I but known !

Had we but known that summer day
We wandered forth the primrose way,
Our Love would wither and decay ;
Had we but felt one hour like this—
A barren time without one kiss—
Had we but seen that we could stand
Parted forever in Love's land,
We had not suffered to atone,
We had not sighed, apart—alone !
Had we but known !



Eternal vigilance is the price of Love.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.

The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence;
else who could bear it?

The bitter word, which closes all earthly friendships, and finishes every feast of Love—Farewell!

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe—is Love.

What vigor absence adds to Love!

We pardon as long as we love.

The maid that loves goes out to sea upon a shattered plank, and puts her trust in miracles for safety.

There is nothing in this world so sweet as Love; and next to Love, the sweetest thing is hate.

Rejected lovers need never despair; there are four and twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind.

Where pride begins, Love ends.

Love.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years; and every little absence is an age.

It is possible that a man can be so changed by Love that one could not recognize him to be the same person.

(What a miserable world! Trouble if we love, and trouble if we do not love.

Love, which is but an episode in the life of man, is the entire story of the life of a woman.

The history of Love would be the history of humanity; it would be a beautiful book to write.

There are no oaths that make so many perjurers as the vows of Love.

Partake of Love as a temperate man partakes of wine; do not become intoxicated.

Whoever has loved knows all that life contains of sorrow and of joy.

Before promising a woman to love only her, one should have seen them all, or should see only her.

Jealousy is the hydrophobia of Love.

To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.

Love makes time pass, and time makes Love pass.

One is always a woman's first lover.

When the intoxication of Love has passed we laugh at the perfections it had discovered.

Love places a genius and a fool on a level.

Without Love it would be sad to be a man.

The quarrels of lovers are like summer showers that leave the country more verdant and beautiful.

Love works miracles every day; such as weakening the strong, and strengthening the weak, making fools of the wise, and wise men of fools, favoring the passions, destroying reason, and, in a word, turning everything topsy-turvy.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.

The woman who does not choose to love should cut the matter short at once by holding out no hopes to her suitor.

It is as absurd to pretend that one cannot love the same woman always, as to pretend that a good artist needs several violins to execute a piece of music.

A short absence quickens Love, a long absence kills it.

A man who can love deeply is never utterly contemptible.

If happiness could be prolonged from Love into marriage, we should have paradise on earth.

Love is of all the passions the strongest; for it attacks simultaneously the head, the heart, and the senses.

One dies twice: to cease to live is nothing, but to cease to love and to be loved is an insupportable death.

Love.

One should believe in marriage as in the immortality of the soul.

To continue Love in marriage is a science. It requires so little to kill those sweet emotions, those precious illusions, which form the charm of life; and it is so difficult to maintain a man at the height on which an exalted passion has placed him, especially when that man is one's husband.

No one perfectly loves God who does not perfectly love some of his creatures.

The greatest satisfaction a woman can feel is to know that a man, whom many other women love, loves her alone.

Love in marriage would be the realization of a beautiful dream, if marriage were not too often the end of it.

It is a terrible thing to be obliged to love by contract.

Love is like the rose: so sweet that one always tries to gather it in spite of its thorns.

Love.

To make love only when signing the marriage certificate, is to take romance by the tail.

The Laws of Love unite man and woman so strongly that no human laws can separate them.

When Love increases, prudence decreases.

A woman cannot love a man she feels to be her inferior; Love without veneration and enthusiasm is only friendship.

One-half, the finest half, of life is hidden from the man who does not love with passion.

Nothing more incites to everything noble and generous, than virtuous Love.

Of all the paths leading to a woman's Love pity is the straightest.

Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notion of time, effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.

Eyes.

Here's to blue eyes, to brown eyes, to hazel eyes
and gray;

But what are the eyes I drink to today?

No matter the color—Oh, here's to the eye
That laughs when I laugh, and cries when I cry.



They drink to eyes of brown and blue,
And eyes of black and gray eyes, too;
But the eyes I like of any hue,
Are the eyes possessed by you.



When sorrow casts upon the world
Her pall of ghastly, ghostly hue,
And when misfortune's darts are hurled,
Oh, give me laughing eyes of blue!
Their coquetry would fain beguile
From sorrow's frowning face a smile.

When mirthfulness and laughter crown
The sports of banquet, song and dance,
Then would I choose the eyes of brown,
The earnest, truthful eyes; perchance

Eyes.

Their solemn glories would recall
My thoughts from levity and all.

But, ah, since melancholy, mirth
And dire misfortune every day
Walk hand in hand o'er all the earth,
'Tis "red eye" that's my choice, I say;
Too much of neither does it bring;
It sort of equalizes things.



A gray eye is a sly eye,
And roguish is a brown one;
Turn full upon me thy eye—
Ah, how its wavelets drown me!
A blue eye is a true eye;
Mysterious is a dark one,
Which flashes like a spark-sun!
A black eye is the best one.



Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.



There are eyes half defiant,
Half meek and compliant—

Eyes.

Black eyes, with a wondrous, witching charm
To bring us good or to work us harm.



Those eyes whose light seemed rather given
To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes as may have looked from heaven,
But ne'er were raised to it before.



Eyes of black or eyes of blue,
Devil a bit does it matter, I say!
If I love one today, why tomorrow I may
Have a caprice for the brown or the gray.
So here is a toast for the feminine host,
The blue eyes for me and the black for you;
The one for a time I shall think sublime,
And then, if you like, I will change with you.



If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
faces!"



Here's to the girl with eyes of blue,
Whose heart is kind and love is true;

Eyes.

Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,
Whose spirit proud you cannot down;
Here's to the girl with eyes of gray,
Whose sunny smile drives care away;
Whate'er the hue of their eyes may be,
I'll drink to the girls this toast with thee!



To ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose;
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all, so drink them all!



When the wine-cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true,
boy, true,
Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.

Eyes.

Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
For him but two bright eyes were shining—
See, what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on one side the grape juice is dancing,
While on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb even a saint in his dreams.
Yet, tho' like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
So the grape on its bank is still growing,
And love lights the waves as they run.

✽

The brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Tho' it scatter wounds, too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
"Come and worship my ray;
By adoring, perhaps, you may move me!"
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says from under its lid,
"I love and am yours, if you love me!"

Eyes.

Come tell me, then, why
In that lovely blue eye
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?



Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike;
Yet graceful ease and sweetness, void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide.
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.



If to see thee be to love thee,
If to love thee be to prize
Naught of earth or heaven above thee,
Nor to live but for those eyes;
If such love to mortal given,
Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heaven,
'Tis not for thee the fault to blame,
For from those eyes the madness came.



The eye speaks with an eloquence and truth-
fulness surpassing speech. It is the window out

Eyes.

of which the winged thoughts often fly unwittingly; it is the tiny magic mirror on whose crystal surface moods of feeling fitfully play, like the sunlight and shadow on a still stream.

The eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.

Lovers are angry, reconciled, entreat, thank, appoint, and finally speak all things, by their eyes.

One of the most wonderful things in Nature is a glance; it transcends speech, it is the bodily symbol of identity.

No author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes.

Eyes disclose what eyes alone can tell.

The eyes are the amulets of the mind.

The eyes of women are Promethean fires.

The intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only.

Eyes.

Men of cold passions have quick eyes.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.

The eye is the inlet to the soul, and it is well to beware of him whose visual organs avoid your honest regard.

The eyes are the pioneers that first announce the soft tale of love.

Love looketh from the eye, and kindleth love by looking.

Eyes have one language everywhere.

Eyes raised toward heaven are always beautiful, whatever they be.

Kisses.

Fill the bowl with flowing wine,
And while your lips are wet
Press their fragrance into mine
And forget.
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.



Yesterday's yesterday while today's here,
Today is today till tomorrow appear,
Tomorrow's tomorrow until today's past,
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.



The purest kiss in the world
Is this:
The kiss that a mother lays
On her boy's fresh lips
As he blithely trips
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss in the world
Is this:
The first long kiss of love;

Kisses.

When time is not,
And earth's forgot
And Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss in the world
Is this:
The kiss on unanswering clay;
When dead lips tell
We must sob farewell
Till the dawn of the judgment day.



Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score;
Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred—so kiss on,
To make that thousand up to a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun.



I throw a kiss across the sea,
I drink the winds as drinking wine,
And dream they all are blown from thee—
I catch the whispered kiss of thine.



How should great Jove himself do else than miss
To win the woman he forgets to kiss.

Kisses.

She gave consent and bent her head—
I thought her strangely kind—
With pouted lips, "Just one," she said,
And then she changed her mind—
A woman's privilege. Ah, 'twas sad
To relinquish it! And yet
The sweetest kiss I ever had
Was the kiss I did not get.

Then how she laughed—the dainty sprite—
And smoothed my scowling brow;
I played a churlish part that night—
I scarce forgive her now.
And yet 'twas better far, I'm sure,
Than if our lips had met;
For in remembrance will endure
The kiss I did not get.

So in life, the aims we miss
Will shine forever bright,
And leave a fragrance like the kiss
I failed to get that night.
Ah, years may come and years may go,
But ne'er shall I forget
The sweetest kiss I'll ever know—
The kiss I did not get.

Kisses.

Give me kisses! Nay, 'tis true
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back, you know.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again.

Kisses tender, kisses cold,
Kisses timid, kisses bold,
Kisses joyful, kisses sad—
Pass the bowl or I'll go mad.

Here's to the girl who's bound to win
Her share at least of blisses,
Who knows enough not to go in
When it is raining kisses.

And when my lips meet thine
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.

When she kissed me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they;
And less bright were those which shone
In the palace of the Sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kiss'd by other men.

Kisses.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were foresworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.



As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
When soul meets soul on lover's lips.



My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister;
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, I kissed her.



The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh.
From the moment she printed that kiss,
Nor reason, nor rest has been mine;
My whole soul has been drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

Kisses.

You will find, my dear boy, that the dearly-
prized kiss,
Which with rapture you snatched from the half-
willing Miss,
Is sweeter by far than the legalized kisses
You give the same girl when you've made her
a Mrs.



Ah, kisses ever!
May we never
Be without them while we live,
When the saddest,
When the gladdest
May love still that solace give.



Blush, happy maiden, when you feel
The lips which press love's growing seal!
But as the slow years darklier roll,
Grow wiser; the experienced soul
Will own as dearer far than they
The lips which kiss the tears away.

Kisses.

How heavenly was the poet's doom,
To breathe his spirit through a kiss;
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss.

And sure his soul returned to feel
That it again could ravished be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee.

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss;
Nor then my soul would sated be,
Still would I kiss and cling to thee;
Naught should my kiss from thine dissever,
Still would we kiss, and kiss forever;
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed.
To part would be a vain endeavor;
Could I desist?—ah! never—never!

"I never gave a kiss," says Prue,
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not give a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll take one, though, and thank you for it.

Kisses.

Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has
wove,
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing
glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss
of love.

Oh! cease to affirm, that man since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness
strove;
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures
are past—
For years fleet away with the wings of the
dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last:
Our sweetest memorial—the first kiss of love.



There is the kiss of welcome and of parting;
the long, lingering, loving, present one; the
stolen, or the mutual one; the kiss of love, of
joy, and of sorrow; the seal of promise, and

Kisses.

the receipt of fulfillment. Is it strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible, whose armory consists of kisses, smiles, sighs and tears?

It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.

It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved, is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.

The only true language of love is a kiss.

Marriage.

Drink, my jolly lads, drink with discerning,
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than a lover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over.



Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout;
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.



Cling closer, closer, life to life,
Cling closer, heart to heart;
The time will come, my own, wed wife,
When you and I must part!
Let nothing break our band but Death,
For in the world above
'Tis the breaker Death that soldereth
Our ring of wedded love.



There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Marriage.

And, to all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.



The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.



As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated
with a clown,
And the goodness of his nature will have weight
to drag thee down.



Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care;
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy.

Flowers.

In the sweet language of Love, O, gentle flower,
Say to her I adore her.



They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, sweet
flowers.



Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood nymph wild.
Even the gods who walk the sky
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.



Yet, no, not words, for they
But half can tell Love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing;

A once bright rose's withered leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken,
Oh, these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.



The rose distills a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold, inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay;
And when, at length, in pale decline
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odor even in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Listen, for thus the tale is sung:
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared, in flushing hues,
Mellowed by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance—
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,

Pastels in Prose.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

It is not good to speak evil of one whom we know to be bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

One doth not know how much an ill word may poison liking.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

Pastels in Prose.

Evil report, like the Italian stiletto, is an assassin's weapon, worthy only of the bravo.

Wherever the speech is corrupted the mind is also.

He only is exempt from failure who makes no effort.

I prize the soul that slumbers in a quiet eye.

When a man becomes familiar with his goddess she quickly sinks into a woman.

I love everything that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.

Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

He who loves with purity considers not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver.

Beauty devoid of grace is a mere hook without the bait.

If you wish to be good, first believe you are bad.

Pastels in Prose.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life.

The virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize.

To meditate on the best is the best of meditations, and a resolution to make a good end is a good end of resolutions.

Meditation is the tongue of the soul and the language of our spirit.

Meditation is the life of the soul; action is the soul of meditation.

That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's, can make the iron hot by striking; and he that can only rule the storm must yield to him who can both raise and rule it.

With ordinary talent and extraordinary perseverance all things are attainable.

Pastels in Prose.

The conditions of conquest are always easy; we have but to toil awhile, endure awhile, believe always, and never turn back.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.

Whoever perseveres will be crowned.

No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.

Hard pounding, gentlemen; but we will see who can pound the longest.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as to the exertion of our faculties in doing good.

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids; her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

There's no better religion than to be happy. The way to be happy is to make others happy.

If there were a law making it a jail offense to speak ill of others, how silent would be many tongues, or how full the prisons!

Lend thine ears to many, thy tongue to few.

Character is what you think of yourself;
reputation is what others think of you.

Do not make beads of others' faults and tell
them over every day.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough if she
unmask her beauty to the moon.

Believe nothing that you hear, and only half
what you see.

To speak kindly of others, however great
their imperfections, is the sweetest charity in the
world.

Putting the wedding ring on a woman's finger
does not change her nature. Many discover this
when it is too late.

It should not matter what one was, but what
one is.

We are more nearly related to one another
through our vices than our virtues.

Pastels in Prose.

Charity begins at home, and is too frequently confined there and administered in but little doses.

There are many who enjoy a good reputation by giving publicly and stealing privately.

A mule that will neither kick nor bite should be watched closely to discover where his malice lies.

How many people there are whose souls hang in them like the pith in a goose quill.

There is not a passion of the human heart that promises so much and pays so little as revenge.

Prosperity makes fools, adversity cures them.

Hope is a draft on futurity; sometimes honored, but generally extended.

The man without an enemy is really poor.

He who suspects everyone should be watched by everyone.

Take all the fools out of the world and it would be difficult for the rest of us to make a living.

It is only a step from cunning to dishonesty.

Diogenes hunted for an honest man with a lantern. If he had lived in these days he would have had a hard job of it with a searchlight.

There are many soda-pop people in the world who, after they have been uncorked a little while, become very flat.

If trouble comes your way give it a hug and pass it on with a smile.

Beauty wins many a victory, but seldom keeps the gains.

Remember the silent owl and the chattering magpie: 'Tis better to look wise than to talk foolishly.

There are many who owe much of their goodness to economy; they are too stingy to pay the price of iniquity. /

Silence is one of the lost arts.

If you have any doubt as to the propriety of a thing, you may be pretty certain the doubt is right.

Politeness never makes a mistake; it may be subdued, but it is never defeated.

Do whatever will make you happy—so long as you do no injury to yourself or others.

All things should be true to nature: a hornet that cannot sting is a melancholy failure.

If you would escape envy, abuse and taxes, you must live in a deep well and come out only in the night.

There are no weeds in this world that wilt so quickly as the weeds of a widow.

If you wish to appreciate the utter vanity of wealth, view the corpse of a millionaire.

Jealousy makes us believe what we doubt the most.

Pastels in Prose.

Watch the prudes; the coquettes are too careless to be dangerous.

May we never make a sword of our tongues to wound the reputation of others.

You may prevail over your reason and stultify your faith, but you can't beat your conscience.

Ever believe that false which ought not to be true.

A dog is the only thing in the world that loves you better than he does himself.

Thou must be true thyself, if thou the truth wouldst teach;

Thy soul must overflow, if thou another's soul wouldst reach;

It needs the overflowing heart to give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts shall be world's famine feed;

Speak truly, and thy words shall prove as fruitful seed;

Act truly, and thy life shall be a grand and noble creed.

A child wishes tomorrow to come; in middle life we want the day to last longer; when age approaches we compare yesterday and today with tomorrow, and care not how time passes.

I'd rather be a beggar and spend my money like a king, than to be a king and spend it like a beggar.

Old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him
he sows:

A harvest of barren regrets.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the sense.

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe;
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?

Pastels in Prose.

Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the
past,
And neither fear nor wish the approaches of the
last.

This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold;
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

Three things a wise man will not trust:
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.

The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.

Look around the habitable world. How few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.

Reason thus with life: If I do lose thee, I do
lose a thing that none but fools would keep.

Laugh not too much—the witty man laughs least ;
For wit is news only to ignorance ;
Less at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

All places are distant from heaven alike.

This life of ours is a wild aeolian harp of many
a joyous strain ;
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual
wail, as of souls in pain.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words: health, peace, and competence.

Art may err, but nature cannot miss.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools and pageant of a day ;
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

Pastels in Prose.

Beauty draws more than oxen.

A little house well fill'd, a little field well till'd,
And a little wife well will'd, are great riches.

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

Better the feet slip than the tongue.

Ne'er the rose without the thorn.

Can one desire too much of a good thing?

Clean your finger before you point at my spots!

England is a paradise for women, and hell for
horses; Italy is a paradise for horses, hell for
women.

Follow pleasure and then will pleasure flee;
Flee pleasure, and pleasure will follow thee.

Forgiveness is better than revenge.

God made the country and man made the town.

Half the world does not want the other half to
know how it lives.

Pastels in Prose.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

He that is down needs fear no fall.

If your riches are yours, why don't you take them with you to the other world?

If you would be loved, love and be lovable.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

Love your neighbor—yet pull not down your hedge.

Many go out for wool and come home shorn themselves.

Make a virtue of necessity.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after.

Poverty is the mother of health.

Praise the bridge that carried you over. ✓

Praise the sea, but keep on land.

Pastels in Prose.

Prosperity makes friends, and adversity tries them.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Some are weatherwise, some are otherwise.

Tell me thy company and I will tell thee what thou art.

That is gold which is worth gold.

The bow too tensely strung is easily broken.

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.

There is no gathering the rose without being pricked by the thorns.

The wine in the bottle does not quench thirst.

Three things are men most likely to be cheated in: a horse, a wig, and a wife.

Pastels in Prose.

They do not love that do not show their love.

They're only truly great who are truly good.

'Tis more noble to forgive, and more manly to despise, than to revenge an injury.

We should never remember the benefits we have conferred, nor forget the favors received.

Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.

Where there's marriage without love, there will be love without marriage.

Wine makes all sorts of creatures at table.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Know thyself.—Solon.

Consider the end.—Chilo.

Know thy opportunity.—Pittacus.

Most men are bad.—Bias.

Nothing is impossible to industry.—Periander.

Avoid excess.—Cleobulus.

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given.
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.

If slander be a snake, it is a winged one: it
flies as well as creeps.

The heart, like the rose, must be crushed ere
it yields its sweetest fragrance.

For brevity is very good
Where we are, or are not, understood.

Who never doubted, never half believed;
Where doubt, there truth is: 'tis her shadow.

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her,
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget today;"
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Strengthen me by sympathizing with my
strength, not my weakness.

Pity and need make all flesh kin: there is no
caste in blood.

The human heart finds nowhere shelter but
in human kind.

We pine for kindred natures to mingle with
our own.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to
glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.

Pastels in Prose.

Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd.

Sweet tears—the awful language, eloquent
Of infinite affection; far too big for words.

Tears are the silent language of grief.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think, who think they do!

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curfew calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Who well lives, long lives; for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, days, and
hours.

Time conquers all, and we must time obey.

Tomorrow is a satire on today, and shows
its weakness.

Pastels in Prose.

When time is flown, how it fled
It is better neither to ask nor tell;
Leave the dead moments to bury their dead.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to
be loved.

Lack of desire is the greatest riches.

Can wealth give happiness? Look round and
see

What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortunes lavishly can pour
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

The world loves a spice of wickedness.

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions
for middle age, and old men's nurses.

In the election of a wife, as in
A project of war, to err but once is
To be undone forever.

Words are like leaves, and where they most
abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Pastels in Prose.

Of earthly goods the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong
That never wrongeth.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to
take aim kneeling.

The most completely lost of all days is the one
on which we have not laughed.

Pleasures are like liquors: they must be drunk
but in small glasses.

Marriage is a lottery in which men stake their
liberty and women their happiness.

When a lover gives, he demands—and much
more than he has given.

Pastels in Prose.

How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others!

To remain virtuous a man has only to combat his own desires; a woman must resist her own inclinations and the continual attack of man.

He who is never guilty of follies is not so wise as he imagines.

The sowing of wild oats is necessary in the life of a man. Libertinism is a leaven that ferments sooner or later.

We instinctively abhor calumny as we do a snake, for fear of its venom; but is our aversion to it so great when it attacks others?

Alas! how can we always resist? The devil tempts us, and the flesh is weak.

Happiness is a bird that we pursue our life long without catching.

Use, do not abuse: neither abstinence nor excess ever renders man happy.

Pastels in Prose.

There are those who have nothing chaste but their ears, and nothing virtuous but their tongues.

The moment past is no longer ; the future may be ; the present is all of which man is master.

Whoever is suspicious incites treason.

A widow is like a frigate, of which the first captain has been shipwrecked.

O, unfortunates who sin without pleasure ! In your errors be more reasonable ; be, at least, fortunate sinners. Since you must be damned be damned for amiable faults.

Every age has its different inclinations, but man is always the same. At ten, he is led by sweetmeats, at twenty by a mistress, at thirty by pleasure, at forty by ambition, at fifty by avarice.

Politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.

It is easy to find a lover and to retain a friend ; what is difficult is to find the friend and to retain the lover.

At the age of sixty, to marry a beautiful girl of sixteen, is to imitate those ignorant people who buy books to be read by their friends.

It is as difficult to condemn illicit love by the laws of nature as it is easy by human laws.

Paradise must be a tiresome place if it is peopled only by those saintly souls whose company we so dread here below.

If we should leave out of conversation scandal, gossip, commonplaces, fatuity—what silence!

Who ceases to be a friend, never was a friend.

None deserves the name of good who has not spirit enough to be bad.

How sweet it would be to live in society if the countenance always reflected the disposition, if decency were virtue, and if our maxims were our rules of action.

It does not depend upon us to avoid poverty, but it does depend upon us to make that poverty respected.

With audacity one can undertake anything, but one cannot accomplish everything.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

Ideas are capital that bear interest only in the hands of talent.

It is easier to be a lover than a husband, for the same reason that it is more difficult to be witty every day than now and then.

Not to enjoy one's youth when one is young is to imitate the miser who starves beside his treasures.

To envy anybody is to confess ourselves his inferior.

Do good today, since thou still livest.

Every man has three characters: that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

Few are they who have been spared by calumny.

Enjoy what you have, hope for what you lack.

Society is divided into two classes; the fleecers and the fleeced.

Prudery is the caricature of modesty.

Moderation is the pleasure of the wise.

Sleep, next to death, is the best thing in life.

We should be above jealousy when there is real cause for it.

A husband is always a sensible man; he never thinks of marrying.

To render a marriage happy, the husband should be deaf and the woman blind.

All that is enviable is not bought; love, genius, beauty are divine gifts that the richest cannot acquire.

Society is composed of two great classes: those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners.

Pastels in Prose.

Trust your dog to the end; a woman till the first opportunity.

One is alone in a crowd when one suffers or when one loves.

Salt your food with humor, pepper it with wit and sprinkle over it the charm of good fellowship. Never poison it with the cares of life.

When I had money I had friends; I loaned my money to my friends; I asked my money of my friends; I lost my money, I lost my friends.

If as much care were taken to perpetuate a race of fine men as is done to prevent the mixture of ignoble blood in horses and dogs, the genealogy of every one would be written on his face and displayed in his manners.

Conscience is a sacred sanctuary, where God alone has the right to enter as judge.

Bachelors are providential beings; God created them for the consolation of widows and the hope of maids.

Idleness is the door to all vices.

May we have the unspeakable fortune to win a true heart, and the merit to keep it.

The true and the false speak the same language.

Thought is the lightning of the soul.

Old men are always jealous; they are like the greedy child that wants the cake it cannot eat.

O, Oblivion! O, Oblivion! What a pillow for the exhausted traveler!

There are several ways to speak: to speak well, to speak easily, to speak justly, and to speak at the right moment.

Among all animals, from man to dog, the heart of a mother is always a sublime thing.

All the reasoning of man is not worth one sentiment of woman.

Enjoy and give enjoyment without injury to thyself or to others; this is true morality.

The resistance of a woman is not always a proof of her virtue, but more frequently of her experience.

Calumny is moral assassination.

Absence diminishes weak passions and augments great ones; as the wind extinguishes tapers, but increases a conflagration.

When the heart is full, the lips are silent.

The most lucrative commerce has ever been that of hope, pleasure, and happiness; it is the commerce of authors, women, priests, and kings.

It is modesty that places in the feeble hand of beauty the sceptre that commands power.

Poverty of the soul is worse than that of fortune.

One should choose a wife with the ears, rather than with the eyes.

Moderation is the silken string that runs through all chains of pearls.

Pastels in Prose.

There are no women to whom virtue comes easier than those who possess no attractions.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of man than the discovery of a star.

One is never criminal in obeying the voice of Nature.

There are more men who have missed opportunities than there are who have lacked opportunities.

Love is the dawn of marriage, and marriage is the sunset of love.

Jest with life, for that only is it good.

The more I see of dogs the less I think of men.

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst, and accept whatever the Lord sends.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.

Half the ills we hoard within our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with himself.

Admonish friends privately, but praise them openly.

Advice is seldom welcome; those who need it most like it least.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

He that will be angry for anything will be angry for nothing.

Reason should direct and appetite obey.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.

Pastels in Prose.

A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.
So may a woman.

Home—the place where you are treated best
and grumble most.

Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life.

To love one that is great is almost to be
great one's self.

Were women perfect we would admire them
more, but love them less.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it. ✓

Beauty is worse than wine; it intoxicates both
the holder and the beholder.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action
of a man's life.

There are calumnies against which even in-
nocence loses courage.

All men are alike in their lower natures; it is
in their higher characters that they differ.

Best men are moulded out of faults.

A man defines his standing at the court of chastity by his views of women; he cannot be any man's friend nor his own, if not her's.

A light heart lives long.

The creed of the true saint is to make the best of life, and make the most of it.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

He who has lost courage can lose nothing more.

When you doubt, abstain.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

Nothing costs less nor is cheaper than compliments of civility.

The small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it.

Misgive, that you may not mistake.

Eat to please yourself, but dress to please others.

A vine bears three grapes; the first, pleasure; the second, drunkenness, and the third, repentance.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie.

The man that makes character makes foes.

Home—the father's kingdom, the child's paradise, the mother's world.

Poems.

Wit, Love and Wine.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;
But, as I am not particular—wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay, humble and strange as my tastes may appear,

If driven to the worst, I could manage, thank
heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me
here,

And such wine as we're sipping, six days out
of seven.

So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent
plan;

But as we are not sages, why, send the round,
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offered, we're
told,

To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for man-
kind;
But talk of new pleasures—give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones
they find.
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars on
my way.
In the meantime, a bumper—your Angels on
high
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited
span;
But, as we are not Angels, why, let the flask fly,
We must only be happy all ways that we can.

If I Had Only Known.

If I had only known, dear heart,
The royal rose so red,
In beauty blown at morning's start,
Would lie this evening dead,
I would have loved it more, perhaps—
If I had only known.

Poems.

If I had only known in time
That summer's glow would fade,
The royal noonday's golden prime
Pass into evening's shade,
I would have loved it more, perhaps—
If I had only known!

If I had only known in days of yore,
How hard your way and steep,
Had seen the burden that you bore,
The pain that made you weep,
I had been gentler to you, dear—
If I had only known.

Oh, love, dear love, if I had known
Your rose-crowned sunny head,
Your tender heart, once mine alone,
Would lie here cold and dead,
How kind I would have been to you—
Oh, God, if I had known!

Success.

'Tis the coward who quits to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

Poems.

There is little in life but labor,
And the morning may find that a dream;
Success is the bride of endeavor,
And luck but a meteor's gleam.

The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is fought in the home-stretch,
And won twixt the flag and the wire.

Alluring Art.

In your sanctum sanctorum
There are many gems of art,
O'er which the bright electric glimmer gleams.
Among them is a picture—ah, it almost breaks
my heart;
'Tis the picture of a woman dressed in dreams.

There's a hint of hope half hidden,
There are fields of fruit forbidden,
There's a winsome slope of shoulders where the
tangled tresses fall;
And I'll own there's nothing neater, nothing
sweeter nor completer—
But you'll have to turn that picture to the wall.

I had fancied in this heart of mine
All passion long deceased;
I've been virtuous from the spring time till the
 fall;
Through all the sultry summer I've lived just like
 a priest—
But you'll have to turn that picture to the wall.

There's a hand that seems to draw me,
And my pulses thrill and thaw me,
There's an unseen something tells me that I am
 just about to fall.
Nothing's dearer—and you know it—than his
 virtue to a poet—
But you'll have to turn that picture to the wall.
 —Cy Warman.

Fill The Bumper Fair.

Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,

As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smoothes away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starred dominions.
So we, Sages, sit,
And, mid bumpers brightening,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,

Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in.
But, oh, his joy, when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of Soul
Mix their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Ne'er Ask The Hour.

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus,
Are not his coin, but Pleasure's.

If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckoned.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.
Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow
stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

The Dream of Home.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?

Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when evening's star
Smiles o'er the wave. To dream of home,
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Song of the Cup-Bearer.

Drink of this cup—Osiris sips
The same in his halls below;
And the same he gives to cool the lips
Of the dead, who downward go.

Drink of this cup—the water within
Is fresh from Lethe's stream;
'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pain and sorrows, seem
Like a long forgotten dream!

The pleasure, whose charms
Are steeped in woe;
The knowledge, that harms
The soul to know,
The hope, that bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight
And mocks the taste;
The love, that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds
In venom beneath—

All that of evil or false, by thee
Hath ever been known or seen,
Shall melt away in this cup, and be
Forgot as it never had been!

The Ideal.

I think the song that's sweetest
Is the song that's never sung;
That lies at the heart of the singer
Too grand for mortal tongue.
And sometimes in the silence
Between the day and night,
He fancies that its measures
Bid farewell to the light.

A fairy hand from dreamland
Beckons us here and there,
And as we strive to clasp it
It vanishes into air.
And thus our fair ideal
Floats away just before,
And we, with longing spirits,
Reach for it evermore.

Who Shall Go First.

Who shall go first to the shadowy land,
My love or I?
Whose will it be in grief to stand
And press the cold, unanswering hand,
Wipe from the brow the dew of death,
And catch the softly fluttering breath,
Breathe the loved name nor hear reply,
In anguish watch the glazing eye;
His or mine?

Which shall bend over the wounded sod,
My love or I?
Commending his precious soul to God,
Till the doleful fall of the muffled clod
Startles the mind to a consciousness

Of its bitter anguish and life distress;
Dropping the pall o'er the love-lit past
With a mournful murmur, "the last, the last;"
My love or I?

Ah! then, perchance to that mourner there,
My love or I?
Wrestling with anguish and deep despair,
An angel shall come through the gates of
prayer,
But the burning eyes shall cease to weep,
And the sobs melt down in a sea of sleep,
While fancy, freed from the chains of day,
Through the shadowy dreamland floats away;
My love or I?

Which shall return to the desolate home,
My love or I?
And list for a step that will never come,
And hark for a voice that must still be dumb,
While the half-stunned senses wander back
To the cheerless life and thorny track,
Where the silent room and vacant chair
Have memories sweet and hard to bear;
My love or I?

Poems.

And then, methinks, on that boundary land,
 My love and I,
The mourn'd and the mourner, together shall
 stand,
Or walk by those rivers of shining sand,
Till the dreamer, awakened at the dawn of day,
Finds the stone of his sepulcher rolled away,
And over the cold, dull waste of death,
The warm, bright sunlight of Holy Faith—
 My love and I!

Don't Worry.

Don't worry and wonder how
You will meet the cares of the morrow,
And darken a day that would else be fair
With the thought of some dreaded sorrow.
The burdens upon us now
Are heavy enough to bear,
And the croaking ravens of doubt and fear
Are meeting us everywhere.

Don't despair if the road is rough
And the end seems so far away;
The riddle of life is hard to read
If we try to read it today.

Poems.

We shall reach our goal at last,
If we take every step in its place;
And the threatening clouds dark just ahead
Will dissolve into meaningless space.

Don't worry your peace away
With some nonsense of luck or fate;
Let the mountains to climb and the rivers to cross
Take their turn with the rest and wait.
Our work will be harder now,
If some fancied burdens we borrow,
There's always enough to do today,
Don't worry about tomorrow.

Don't give up when failure and fate
Seem to hopelessly block your way;
But take up your life with a resolute heart
Where you left it yesterday.
Our heartaches are easily borne
With the hope, sweet and strong, in our breast;
If we faithfully carry our end of the load,
Why, God will take care of the rest.

Don't worry! Sometimes, somehow,
Our troubles will all be past,
And the dreary deserts that fright us now
Will blossom in beauty at last.

Devotion is stronger than death,
The day is as long as the night ;
God holdeth our lives in His infinite love ;
Don't worry ! 'Twill all come right.

The Clink of the Ice.

Notably fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone
Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the lute
 has known,
When I wake at five in the morning with a feel-
 ing in my head
Suggestive of mild excesses before I retired to
 bed,
When a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore
 inside,
And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur
 that seemeth a buffalo hide ;
How gràcious those dewes of solace that over
 my senses fall
At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy
 brings up the hall !

Oh, is it the gaudy ballet, with features I cannot
 name,
That kindles in virile bosoms that slow but de-
 vouring flame ?

Or is it the midnight supper, eaten before we
retire,
That presently by combustion setteth us all afire?
Or is it the cheery magnum?—Nay, I'll not chide
the cup,
That makes the meekest mortal anxious to whoop
things up.
Yet, what the cause soever, relief comes when
we call—
Relief with that rapturous clinkety-clink that
clinketh alike for all.

I've dreamt of the fiery furnace that was one
vast bulk of flame,
And that I was Abednego a-wallowing in that
same;
And I've dreamt I was a crater, possessed of a
mad desire
To vomit molten lava, and to snort big gobs of
fire;
I've dreamt I was Roman candles and rockets
that fizzed and screamed—
In short, I have dreamt the cussedest dreams that
ever a human dreamed;
But all the red-hot fancies were scattered quick
as a wink
When the spirit within that pitcher went clink-
ing its clinkety-clink!

Boy, why so slow in coming with that gracious,
 saving cup?
Oh, haste thee to the succor of the man who is
 burning up!
See how the ice bobs up and down, as if it wildly
 strove
To reach its grace to the wretch who feels like a
 red-hot kitchen stove!
The piteous clink it clinks methinks should thrill
 you through and through;
An erring soul is wanting drink, and he wants
 it p. d. q. !
And, lo! the honest pitcher, too, falls in so dire
 a fret,
That its pallid form is presently bedewed with a
 chilly sweat.

May blessings be showered upon the man who
 first devised this drink,
That happens along at five a. m. with its rap-
 turous clinkety-clink!
I never have felt the cooling flood go sizzling
 down my throat
But what I vowed to hymn a hymn to that clink-
 ety-clink devote;

So now, in the prime of my manhood, I polish
this lyric gem
For the uses of all good fellows who are thirsty
at five a. m.;
But specially for those fellows who have known
the pleasing thrall
Of the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy
brings up the hall.

—*Eugene Field.*

Not I, But Thou.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread;
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed.
Thy tears had dropped on mine. If I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness; and, did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made
moan.
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep;
To know thine eyes are tearless, though mine
weep.

And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness
 keep—
Thou hast the peace, and I the undying pain.

Worth the While.

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
 While life flows by like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will
 smile
 When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
 And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
 Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
 When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
 Is luring your soul away.
But it is only a negative virtue
 Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
 Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today—
They make up the items of life;
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Poet's Mistake.

On the occasion of the birth of his first child the poet writes :

One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When thro' a little angel crept
And came down with a falling star.

One summer as the blessed beam
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dream,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this, I ask no more,
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore
And find the door of Heaven again.

Whereupon St. Peter, not liking this imputation
of carelessness, thus (by a friend) replies on the
part of the defense:

For eighteen hundred years and more
I've kept my door securely tiled ;
There has no little angel strayed,
None has been missing all the while.

I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor leave the door of Heaven ajar ;
Nor has a little angel strayed,
Nor gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride and see
If she don't frankly own and say,
That when she found the angel babe,
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this, I ask no more,
That should your number still enlarge,
You will not do as heretofore,
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

True Loneliness.

The lonesomest kind of a loneliness
Is not in the forest dark,
Where the dying leaves have a lonely look,
And the trees stand stiff and stark;
It's not in the ocean wide and blue,
With never a friendly bark.

The lonesomest kind of a loneliness
Is not in the forest brown,
Nor yet in the mountain fastnesses,
But here in the heart of town,
Where men and women on every side
All day go up and down.

Where never a friendly face you see,
Through all the while so drear,
Where never a hail is flung at you
And never a smile of cheer,
Where each is a stranger whom you meet—
True lonesomeness is here.

The lonesomest kind of a loneliness
Is here in the rush and sound,
Where thousands of faces strange to you
Encompass you all around;

And you don't care, any more than they
Where one or the other is bound.

The tree and the breeze and the foaming sea
Draw near unto you and are kind ;
But men and women with stranger eyes
To strangers all are blind—
And that is the real, true lonesomeness
Of the lonest lonest kind.

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

The Difference.

She was a woman, worn and thin,
Whom the world condemned for a single sin ;
They cast her out on the king's highway
And passed her by as they went to pray.

He was a man, and more to blame,
But the world spared him a breath of shame ;
Beneath his feet he saw her lie,
But raised his head and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray
At the temple of God on a holy day ;
They scorned the woman, forgave the man ;
It were ever thus since the world began,

Time passed on, and the woman died,
On the Cross of Shame she was crucified;
But the world was stern and would not yield,
And they buried her in Potter's Field.

The man died, too, and they buried him
In a casket of cloth with a silver rim,
And said, as they turned from his grave away,
"We have buried an honest man today."

The Saddest Thing.

They asked me once, when life was young,
Its tale untold, its songs unsung,
And Hope still near. I laughed, and said:
"To know my cheeks must lose their red,
And ev'ry shimmering, golden thread
In this fair coronal its glory shed,
Be coiled and folded, snowy white,
A sign of sorrow, loss and blight—
This is the saddest thing!"

They asked again, when partings came,
And Death, triumphant, breathed the name
Of one held dear. I wept, and said:
"To sit alone, here, with one's dead,

And list in vain their footsteps! This—
To wait their coming and forever miss
Their voices. Surely life's sad tale, when told,
No other grief so deep can hold—
 This is the saddest thing!"

But now I sit, dry-eyed and cold,
And wonder that a living form can hold
A heart so dead. And if you ask:
"What is it now? What new, hard task
Has left you hopeless?" Thus, tonight,
I answer, with a clearer sight:
"The saddest thing? To sit alone
And face, all tearless, Love outgrown—
 This is the saddest thing!"

Two at Sea.

Afloat on the sea of passion,
 Without a compass or chart,
But the glow of your eye shows the sun is high,
 By the sextant of my heart.
I know we are nearing the tropics
 By the languor that round us lies;
And the smile of your mouth says the course is
 south,
And the port is Paradise.

We have left gray skies behind us,
We sail under skies of blue;
You are off with me on Lover's sea,
And I am away with you.
We have not a single sorrow,
And I have but one fear—
That my lips may miss one ardent kiss
From the mouth that is smiling near.

There is no land of Winter,
There is no world of care,
There are bloom and mirth all over the earth,
And love, love everywhere.
Our boat is the Barge of Pleasure,
And whatever port we sight,
The touch of your hand will make the land
The harbor of Pure Delight.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Fates.

Fortune came to a youth one day and dressed 'im
Up in his best; while Society smiled and caressed
'im:
Along came Toil with a hammer and saw to test
'im—
And all three pressed 'im.

Manhood came, as it usually does, to beard 'im ;
Virtue stole in and sat by his side, but feared 'im ;
Ambition came with wonderful schemes and
steered 'im—

But all three queered 'im.

Wisdom came and knocked at his door ; he
spurned 'im ;
Frivolity came on bicycle wheels and turned 'im ;
Remorse at last came up and stung 'im and
burned 'im—

And all three churned 'im.

Poverty opened his door and found 'im and
sought 'im ;
Paralysis, crouched in a corner, had finally
caught 'im ;
Idleness claimed the prize because she had taught
'im—

But all three got 'im.

Old Charon rode up in Time's canoe and ferried
'im
Over the creek, when an undertaker hurried 'im,
Dropped sand on his box, while a parson talked
and worried 'im—

But the whole crowd buried 'im.

How He Knew.

There are often little trifles that are better left
unsaid,

But are uttered in an unexpected way ;
Which reminds me of a funny little matter which
occurred

At a fashionable ball the other day.
The host espied a silk-embroidered garter on the
floor,

And gaily dared the owner to declare,
When a jolly-looking fellow said, without the
least concern :

“Oh, I know it, it belongs to Mrs. Dare.”

Now wasn't that a silly thing to say ?

Wasn't it a silly thing to do ?

It came as quite a starter

When he recognized that garter,
For everybody wondered how he knew ;
Now wasn't that a silly thing to say ?

Wasn't it a silly thing to do ?

But they didn't hear till later

That she had got them from his mater—
So everybody wondered how he knew.

They were crowding round the baby at a chris-
tening, after which

He was handed round for every one to see ;

And a circumstance which somehow seemed to
please the people most

Was a dainty little dimple on his knee.
Said Cousin Jack from Oxford, who was staying
there just then :

“This looks like an hereditary strain ;
For isn’t it a funny thing that just in this respect
He’s exactly like his elder sister Jane?”

Now wasn’t that a silly thing to say ?

Wasn’t it a silly thing to do ?
It was really worse than simple
When he talked about that dimple,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Yet he chanced to see that dimple
While out bathing—ain’t it simple ?
But everybody wondered how he knew.

Folks were gazing at the very latest painting at
a sale,

Labeled “Beauty Unadorned” upon the list ;
When a gentleman remarked to several others
standing by :

“It’s not true ; such perfect beauty can’t exist.”
“Excuse me, sir,” a gentleman remarked, “but
you are wrong,
And if you like I’ll bet a case of fizz

That this painting here before you is exactly true
to life
And represents the girl just as she is!"

Now wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
The ladies blushed and wriggled
And the men turned round and giggled,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Yet nothing could be quainter,
You see, he was the painter—
Yet everybody wondered how he knew.

They were eagerly discussing different reasons
for divorce
At a dinner, when a married man opined
That snoring loud on either side should constitute a case,
For it sufficed to drive you off your mind.
"Quite right," remarked a smartly dressed young
lady to her friend,
"I never snore by any chance—do you?"
On hearing which her fiance absently-minded
remarked:
"Don't tell such stories, dear, you know you
do!"

Now wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
 It not only sounded shady,
 But it quite upset the lady,
For everybody wondered how he knew,
 Until he said: "Don't scold me,
 Your sister Fannie told me"—
Why, everybody wondered how he knew.
 —George Rollitt.

Mr. Billings of Louisville.

There are times in one's life which one cannot
 forget,
And the time I remember's the evening I met
A haughty young scion of Bluegrass renown,
Who made my acquaintance while painting the
 town;
A handshake, a cocktail, a smoker, and then—
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

There flowed in his veins the blue blood of the
 South,
And a cynical smile curled his sensuous mouth;
He quoted from Lanier and Poe by the yard,
But his purse had been hit by the war, and hit
 hard;

I felt that he honored and flattered me when—
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I wonder that never again since that night
A vision of Billings has hallowed my sight.
I pine for the sound of his voice and the thrill
That comes with the touch of a ten-dollar bill;
I wonder and pine; for—I say it again—
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I've heard what old Whittier sung of his Maud,
But all such philosophy's nothing but fraud;
To one who's a bear in Chicago today,
With wheat going up, and the devil to pay,
These words are the saddest of tongue or of
pen:

"Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten."

—*Engene Field.*

To My Cigar.

My good old friend,
In lazy way
I've watched your varying
Ghost rings sway;
I've touched your lips
In fond caress,
And smoothed the creases
Of your dress.

Half solemnly
I've seen the fall
Of each white ash,
And noted all;
The warmth of fire
That in you lies,
I've valued with
A lover's eyes,

And doubt if Ceylon
Breezes be
More rich in spice
Than you to me;
Till now at last
I lay you down
Scant in your dress
Of faded brown,

And sadly ponder
As you burn
For me within
Your funeral urn;
But friendship's noblest
Lot you've known—
You gave your life
To cheer my own.

A Woman's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest
thing

Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this precious
thing

As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like, you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef—
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and
things—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give all this I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Ad Finem.

On the white throat of the useless passion
That scorched my soul with its burning breath,
I clutched my fingers in murderous fashion,
And gathered them close in a grip of death;
For why should I fan, or feed with fuel,
A love that showed me but blank despair?
So my hold was firm, and my grasp was cruel—
I meant to strangle it then and there!

I thought it was dead; but with no warning
It rose from its grave last night and came
And stood by my bed till the early morning,
And over and over it spoke your name.
Its throat was red where my hands had held it,
It burned my brow with its scorching breath;
And I said, the moment my eyes beheld it,
"A love like this can know no death!"

For just one kiss that your lips have given
In the lost and beautiful past to me,
I would gladly barter my hopes of Heaven
And all the bliss of Eternity.
For never a joy are the angels keeping
To lay at my feet in Paradise,
Like that of into your strong arms creeping,
And looking into your love-lit eyes.

I know, in the way that sins are reckoned,
This thought is a sin of the deepest dye;
But I know, too, if an angel beckoned,
Standing close by the Throne on High,
And you, adown by the gates infernal,
Should open your loving arms and smile,
I would turn my back on things supernal,
To lie on your breast a little while.

To know for an hour you were mine completely,
Mine in body and soul, my own,
I would bear unending tortures sweetly,
With not a murmur and not a moan.
A lighter sin or a lesser error
Might change through hope or fear divine;
But there is no fear, and hell has no terror
To change or alter a love like mine.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

If I Should Die.

If I should die, how kind you all would grow;
In that strange hour I would not have one foe.
There are no words too beautiful to say
Of one who goes forevermore away
Across that ebbing tide which has no flow.

With what new lustre my good deeds would
glow!
If faults were mine, no one would call them so,
Or speak of me in aught but praise that day—
If I should die.

Ah, friends, before my listening ear lies low,
While I can hear and understand, bestow
That gentle treatment and fond love, I pray,
The lustre of whose late though radiant way
Would gild my grave with mocking light, I
know—
If I should die.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Don't Jostle.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other;
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel,
When a fellow goes down—poor, discouraged
brother,

Pierced to the heart! Words are keener than
steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Did Not.

'Twas a new feeling—something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wished, in every half-breathed sigh
To speak—but did not.

She felt my lips' impassioned touch—
'Twas the first time I dared so much—
And yet she chid not;
But whispered o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not!

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I prest it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not;
Till—oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers who so nearly erred,
And yet—who did not.

Walk.

Up the dusty road from Denver town
To where the mines their treasures hide,
The road is long, and many miles
The golden store and town divide.
Along this road, one summer's day,
There toiled a tired man,
Begrimed with dust; the weary way,
He cussed, as some folks can.
The stranger hailed a passing team
That slowly dragged its load along;
His hail roused up the teamster old
And checked his merry song;
" Say-y stranger! Wal, whoap! "

" Ken I walk behind your load
A spell in this road? "
" Wal, no, yer can't walk, but git
Up on this seat an' ride; git up hyer."
" Nop, that ain't what I want,
Fur it's in yer dust, that's like a smudge,
I want to trudge, for I deserve it."

" Wal, pard, I ain't no hog, an' I don't
Own this road afore, nor 'hind;
So jest git right in the dust
An' walk, if that's the way yer 'clined.

Gee up, ger lang!" the driver said.
The creaking wagon moved amain,
While close behind the stranger trudged,
And clouds of dust rose up again.

The teamster heard the stranger talk
As if two trudged behind his van;
Yet, looking 'round, could only spy
A single lonely man;
Yet heard the teamster words like these
Come from the dust as from a cloud,
For the weary traveler spoke his mind,
His thoughts he uttered loud.
And this was the burden of his talk:
"Walk, now, you —— walk!
Not the way you went to Denver.
Walk, —— ——! Jest walk!

"Went up in the mines and made yer stake,
'Nuff to take yer back to ther state
Whar yer wur born.
Whar'n hell's yer corn?
Wal, walk, you —— walk!

"Dust in yer eyes, dust in yer nose,
Dust down yer throat, and thick
On yer clothes. Can't hardly talk?
I know it, but walk, you —— walk!

What did yer do with all yer tin?
Ya-s, blew every cent of it in;
Got drunk, got sober, got drunk agin—
Wal, walk ——! Jest walk!

“What did yer do? What didn’t yer do?
Why, when ye war thar yer gold dust flew,
Yer thought it fine ter keep op’nin’ wine—
Now, walk, you —— walk!

“Stop ter drink? What—water?
When thar
Water with you warn’t anywhere;
’Twas wine, Extra Dry. Oh!
You flew high—
Now walk, you —— walk!

“Chokes yer, this dust? Wal, that
Ain’t the wust:
When yer git back where the
Diggings are,
No pick, no shovel, no pan—
Wal, yer a healthy man—
Walk—jes walk!”

The fools don’t all go to Denver town,
Nor do they all from the mines come down;

Most all of us have, in our day,
In some sort of shape, some kind of way,
Painted the town with the old stuff,
Dipped in stocks, or made some bluff—
Mixed wines old and new,
Got caught in wedlock by a shrew,
Stayed out all night, tight,
Rolled home in the morning light
With crumpled tie and torn clawhammer,
'N' woke up next day with a kazenjammer—
And walked. Oh, how we walked!

Now, don't try to yank every bun,
Don't try to have all the fun,
Don't think that you know it all,
Don't think real estate won't fall,
Don't try to bluff on an ace,
Don't get stuck on a pretty face,
Don't believe every jay's talk—
For if you do you can bet you'll walk!
—*Wm. Devere.*

Counsel.

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell should
be,

Press thou his hand in thine; how canst thou
tell

How far from thee
Fate, or caprice, may lead his feet
Ere that tomorrow come? Men have been
known

Lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown
To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears,
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come
between,

Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The palm of him who goeth forth—unseen,
Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee, henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

It Is This.

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.

And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequaled in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their
sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee;
And precious their tears as that rain from the
sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be
worth
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in
bliss,
And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallowed by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from
their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth left the fountains
above
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have
here.
And, blest with the odor our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would
miss?

Poems.

For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
told,

When two that are linkt in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on thro' ill and love on till they die!
One hour of passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

If I Had Known.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble the mind,
I said when you went away,
I'd been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own by look or tone
We can never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
I gave you the kiss of peace,
Yet it may be that never for me
The pain at the heart should cease.

How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts are broken by sad words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the some-time guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
O, lips, with curve impatient,
Ah, brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

The Little Cloud.

A cloud has come between us—you nor I
Have dared, dear heart, to ask the reason why.

Tho' but a little vague and viewless cloud,
I feel it threaten all our joy to shroud.

O, heart of mine, remember that Love's skies
Are but reflections of your azure eyes!

The little cloud that fills me now with fears
Was born, mayhap, dear heart, of idle tears.

Poems.

You weep—you say you know not why—and
yet
When mists arise, me seems Love's sun has set!

Love, if you love me, let no cloudlet skim
Athwart my heaven—no tear your eyes bedim,

Lest of a tear be born a cloud, a doubt,
To grow and grow till Joy be blotted out!

You.

If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
And take my choice of all earth's pleasures,
too,
And ask of heaven whatsoe'er I willed,
I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, either low or high,
Nor king in castle old, or palace new;
I'd hold Golconda's mines less rich than I,
If I had you.

Toil and privation, poverty and care,
Undaunted I'd defy, nor troubles rue;
Having my wife, no jewels else I'd wear,
If she were you.

Poems.

Little I'd care how lovely she might be,
How grand with every charm, how fond, how true;
E'en though perfection, she'd be naught to me,
Were she not you.

There is more charm for my true, loving heart,
In everything you think, or say, or do,
Than all the joys that Heaven could e'er impart,
Because it's you.

And though you cannot be my own, my dear,
Yet to you I'll be always good and true;
And all through life, though far away or near,
I'll long for you.

You Kissed Me.

You kissed me! My head
Dropped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest.
While the holy emotions
My tongue dared not speak
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.

Your arms held me fast—
O, your arms were so bold;
Heart beat against heart
In their passionate fold;
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through your eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
From the seas to the skies;
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp
From this rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart,
And my breath and my will
In delirious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of the peace and the joy
That are given the blest.

I would fling my white robes
Unrepiningly down,
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest,
Your lips upon mine,
My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul
In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man
Foolish with wine.
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there if death
Would but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die
If I might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?

Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then?
And if you were here
Would you kiss me again?

—Josephine S. Hunt.

Encore

Potpourri.

Our eyes are witched with a baleful spell,
Our lips and our ears accurst are they,
For we see not plainly, we hear not well,
Nor the thoughts of our souls can we rightly
say.

Our acts from our aims go steering away
With the gale of impulse, the current of mood.
Thus, thus we shall be through our mortal day—
Misunderstanding, misunderstood.

Alone in ourselves we must dimly dwell,
Till prone are these walls of crumbling clay;
The soul that is "I" you never can tell—
Study its sighs as much as you may.
Joy can be sober, and misery gay,
Truth with truth hold a frenzied feud.
Love its exquisite darling slay—
Misunderstanding, misunderstood.

Poems.

Bright young hopes that we learned to quell,
Their ghosts appear when our hair is gray,
And ask, "Did wisdom, then, greatly excel
When ye turned from our smiles so firmly
away?"

Our minds are a fitful, glimmering play
Of shadows whose shapes in doubt conclude,
And Life's best thoughts to its worst betray—
Misunderstanding, misunderstood.

God, against whom we hotly rebel,
Thou knowest us evil, Thou knowest us good;
From the roof of Heaven to the floor of hell,
Misunderstanding, misunderstood.

Judge Not.

Perchance the friend who cheered thy early years
Has yielded to the Tempter's power;
Yet why shrink back and draw away thy skirt,
As though her very touch would do thee hurt?
Wilt thou prove stronger in temptation's hour?

Perchance the one thou lovest more than life
Has broken love's most sacred vow;
Yet judge him not, for he who beareth best the
cares of life

Is the victor in life's strife
Who leaveth God to judge, nor questions how.

Sing the great song of love to all,
And not the wailing anthem of thy woes;
So live thy life that thou mayst never feel
Afraid to say, as at His throne you kneel:
Forgive me, God, as I forgive my foes.

A Dream Song.

I've folded them close and tight, dear,
The hopes of long ago,
And put them away with a sigh for the day,
The day of love, you know.

Of course it was only a fancy
From the clear blue sky above,
When we heard the air of a song so fair
And thought it the song of love.

But now in the long days since, dear,
There are times when I hear it yet—
The song that was only a fancy,
The song that I can't forget.

• *If I Should Die Tonight.*

If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die tonight,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe,
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe;"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse and
kneel—
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—
I say, if I should die tonight
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again—
—Ben King.

Old and New

Long have the poets vaunted in the days
Old times, old loves, old friendship and old
wine.
Why should the old monopolize all praise?
Then let the new claim mine.

Give me strong new friends, when the old prove
weak,

Or fail me in my darkest hour of need ;
Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,
Or lean upon a reed ?

Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,
When all the grace and beauty leaves the old ;
When like a rose it withers at my feet,
Or like a heart grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with prosperous
cheer,

In place of old, tear-blotted, burdened days ;
I hold a sunlit present far more dear,
And worthy of my praise.

When the old creeds are threadbare and worn
through,

And all too narrow for the broadening soul,
Give me the fine, firm texture of the new,
Fair, beautiful and whole !

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

To the Woman That's Good.

THE ELK'S TOAST.

Ho, gentlemen! Lift your glasses up,
Each gallant, each swain and lover!
A kiss to the beads that brim in the cup—
A laugh for the foam spilt over!
For the soul is aflame and the heart beats high,
And care has unloosened its tether.
“Now drink,” said the sage, “for tomorrow we
die”—

So, let's have a toast together!
Swing the goblet aloft, to the lips let it fall,
Then bend you the knee to address her,
And drink, gentle sirs, to the queen of them all—
To the woman that's good—God bless her!

A youth is a madcap, and time is a churl,
Pleasure calls and remorse follows after;
The world hustles on in its pitiless whirl,
With its kisses, its tears and its laughter.
But there's one gentle heart in its bosom of
white—

The maid with the tender eyes gleaming—
Who has all the wealth of my homage tonight,
Where she lies in her innocent dreaming.
And a watch over her my spirit shall keep,
While the angels lean down to caress her,
And I'll pledge her again in her beautiful sleep—
The woman that's good—God bless her!

Ah, Bohemia's honey is sweet to the sip,
And the song and the dance are alluring!
The mischievous maid with the mutinous lip
Has a charm that is very enduring!
But out from the smoke wreaths and music and
lace
Of that world of the tawdrily clever,
There floats the rare spell of the pure little face
That has chased away folly forever.
And I drain my last toast ere I go to my rest—
O, fortunate earth to possess her—
To the dear, tender heart in the pure, white breast
Of the woman that's good—God bless her!

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